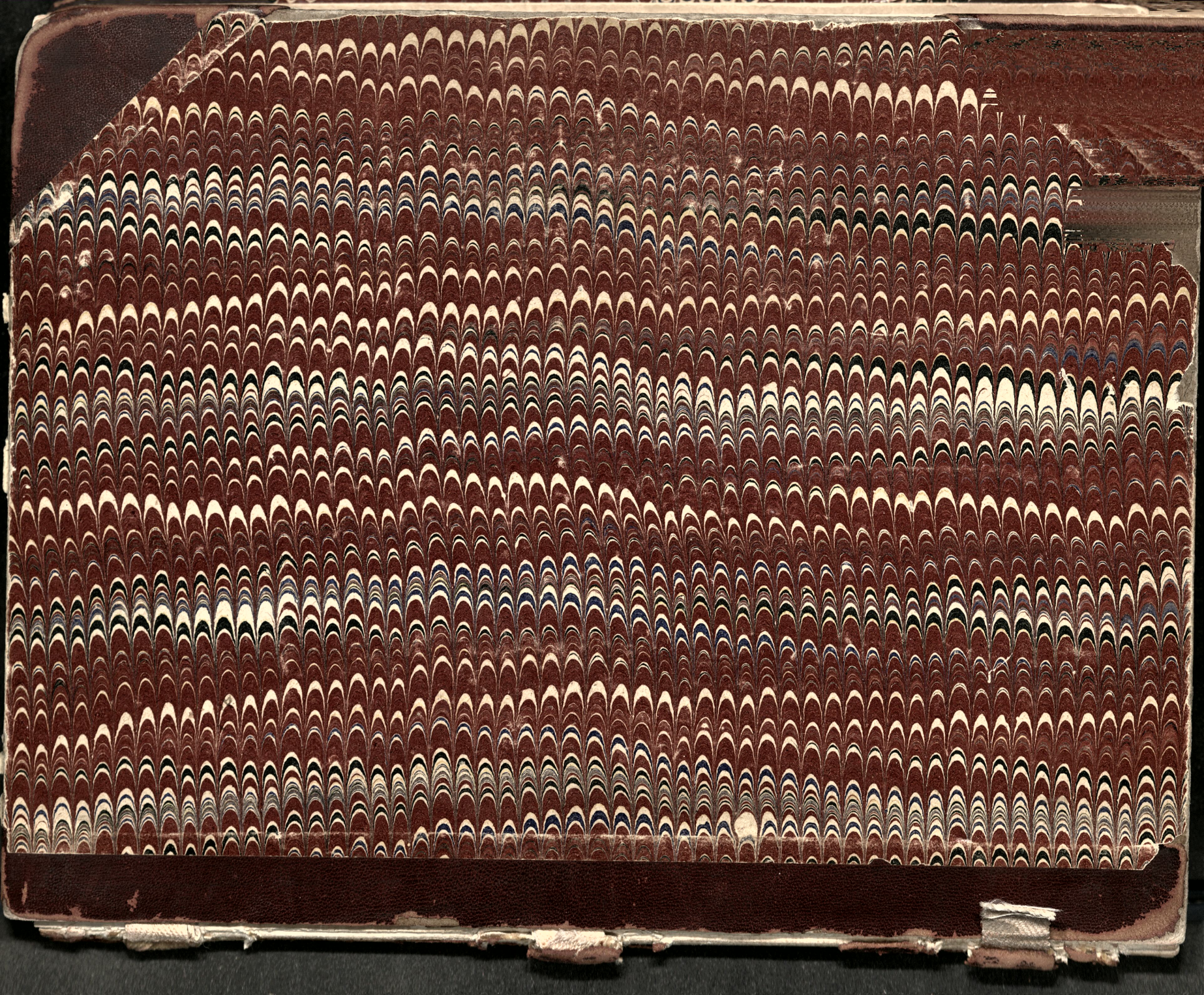


C. S. NATHAN,
Manufacturing Stationer,
20 FULTON STREET,
NEW YORK.

Lt. Russell Bennett.

Log.

March 1 - 1894.

Diary notes arranged according to civil day.

Notes from Captain's Log are according to nautical day.

March. 1–

The beginning of voyage from Newport to San Francisco, on the Henry B. Hyde. Capt. Phineas Pendleton. – Last night slept on board for early start this morning. Fog too dense. so that ship did not leave dock until 11 a.m. – Father and Uncle Will were on wharf to see me off. Tugs towed us as far as Staten Island where we are now lying at anchor waiting for wind. – The mate is Johnson – The Steward is an obliging Chinaman. – The table is excellent so far. – ~~The~~ all my possessions are unpacked and stowed away in stateroom. – The Skipper's candies presented by Friends of West End Church have been interviewed several times, also cigars sent by Uncle Will. Comments on Captain, crew &c I shall reserve until further & fuller acquaintance.

1463 tons–

Shipping master came aboard about 3 a.m. and made us blow on account of fog. "– – luck." Capt. told him he thought passenger was a minister. Ship. Master thought that was reason for ill-luck. Shall I prove a Jonah?.

Strange experience sleeping above Wst. dock.

U.S. Commissioner goes through crew list. Each sailor asked if he paid anything for chance. Each swore no. – Capt. says they all lie.

Costs each seaman 10 dollars for chance to ship. This is illegal, but won't do the seaman who gives it away

Friday - March 2.

While lying at anchor a number of steamers pass thro' Narrows - mostly Eng. tramps -

Lay at anchor off Staten Island until 11 a.m. This morning while walking deck with Capt. saw man in row boat making for ship. Cap. said he was a sailor thief ordered him off. Sent by Fay a letter to father and one to Uncle Will, my last correspondence for sometime - We are now at sea - Sandy Hook astern. There begins to be a bit of motion and I am beginning to feel it, as Capt. would say "as true as preaching."

Voyage begins after passing the Hook -

English ships are usually iron - Cabin quarters generally poor.

Mates chose watches - Port & Starboard.

Saturday - March 3 -

Ship log. made up at noon -

From Captains Log - (One day out 210 mi. Lat. 39°18 Long. 71° - Crossed bar at 3 P.M. - Towed to Lightship, nice breeze, N.N.W. fine.

All night when on my back -

Beginning to get sick.

Read My Danish Sweetheart by Clark Russell -

Eight bells -

* My Danish Sweetheart - Clark Russell.

Sunday - March 4.

(1 Day, 250 mi. Lat. 36°3 Long. 63°52 - Had strong breeze N.W.W. - Heavy sea - Reefed topsails.)

Stayed in bed all day - Quite comfortable while on back - In Gulf Stream - much warmer, but rough.

a Sip biscuit 3 times consisting this days' fare with a little of Capt's wine at noon.

Monday - March 5 -

(3 day, 200 mi - Lat. 37°14 Long. 60°42. Had heavy sea - short sail - fine weather - steering south.)

Up for a bit - gradually getting over seasickness - Interested in watching gulls following ship. Lots of Gulfweed to be seen about ship. Saturday night a sail or light seen - too sick to go on deck. nothing more seen yet.

Sea in Gulf Stream a dark blue. Gulfweed.

Tuesday - March 6 -

(4 day - 200 mi. Lat. 35°24 - Long. 55°45. Wind hauled to N.E. & E.N.E. - weather fine -

Tuesday noon finds me in pretty good trim. There is considerable motion, but I am getting my sea legs.

Wednesday - March 4 -

(5 day - 100 mi. Lat. 34° 21' - Long. 54 - Commenced N.E. cloudy, good breeze - Set E.S.E. at 7 P.M. Backed to N.E.)

"A Woman's Face." F. Warden.

Air warm - Beef getting "pretty far from Rome".

Thursday - March 5 -

(6 day - 215 mi. - Lat. 35° 55' - Long. 51° 16' - Wind has been from E.S.E. to S.E. - Sea smooth, all possible sail set.)

Resolved to smoke but once a day.

This morning visited galley which I have heretofore carefully avoided, but found it to all appearances, clean as a pin. Also inspected carpenters shop & scenery - First mate seems to be a quiet but intelligent fellow - the second mate looks

Improved our acquaintance.

very much like a fool. He Capt. Los I guess been one of the "boys" in his day- "It amuses me to hear these women up home Fooling about a ministers ser= =mons getting old fashioned. What else can they expect." Cap. Vessel is being scoured - cleaned up in great shape. — Capt. promises some fishing lates on. To- day I gained a little more insight into navigation. There is an old book on the subject in the cabin.

"Count of Monte cristo" Dumas

"Coffee and Repartee" J. T. Bangs

Friday - March 9 -

(7 day - 190 mi - Lat. 36°50 - Long. 46°45 - fine, southerly wind.)

Each watch has a sail maker -

2 Quartermasters each.

There has been no rain or storm of any kind since leaving N.Y. Temperature moderate - A large part of day spent in work= =ing deck and sitting on deck reading - Herein began to read Hanley's Hist. of Jewish Church in connection with O.T. reading -

Capt. opened up crate of oranges this a.m. and showed me the "only" way to eat them, by himself eating four.
Crew are busy fixing up spare sails & rigging. Carpenter is making a yard arm.
Made first meridian observation to-day into use of quadrant & hope to understand it better by and by-
Capt. says N.E. storms begin at leeward and work to the windward-
Fresh beef still holds out, but I am a Total abstainer. It is too "far from home"-
Ford just had a chat with Capt. on many topics - on question of government he is amusing.

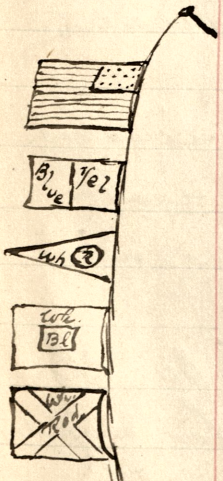
Saturday - March 10-

(8 da. 920 mi. Lat. 36° 32'- Long. 42° 52-)

This has been an interesting day. It has been beautiful, clear,

wind fair, although not giving us the southerly we should like.
This morning Cap. & I lay on our stomachs on the fore-deck looking over the edge and watching the ship cut the water. She had been newly coppered before leaving N.Y. and the running through the water had polished the copper up in great shape.

To-day I have seen the first vessel that I have seen since losing sight of land. One was reported by the mate as seen last night. But to-day five have been sighted. Three passed by at too great distance to signal. The other two were signaled. All are bound for England. — The process of signaling is interesting. The letters indicating Henry B. Hyde of Newyork — are HCSV. represented by symbols.



The first vessel was a barque, Annie McDonald, of London. We signaled her to report the



Hyde, She signaled back all right and passed astern of us. The other vessel was the Bombay of Fleetwood Eng. She signaled J. T. T. - Short of Provisions. Both vessels bore to. The Bombay sent Mate & four sailors in a boat. Capt. supplied them with beef, flour, bread, potatoes & tobacco. The Bombay was 120 days from Island of Lopez off coast of Peru, laden with guano - Saw crossing line, crew had had but one meal a day.

I sent line to Father by this ship. Letter to be mailed in London.

This afternoon decks washed down so that it need not be done to-morrow morning (Sunday.)

I wish I could describe the fish cakes we had for supper, but they are almost indescribable. This much may be said - They were dark, as sausage, salt as the sea &

Ships obliged to pay $35 down on shipping - a trick of some, Cap. says, is to try and run up account to excel bal. due if voyage is made in good time -

Story of omoies.

Red light passed across our bow this evening some distance a= =head.

Sailors came up to cabin for slops. Ships obliged by law to carry such and sell to sailors at stated price. account of Sailors with ship is examined by U.S. Commissioner before any settlement.

"Passenger from Scotland Yard" wood.

Finished a pretty good detective story - "The Passenger from Scot= =land Yard." Cap. now reading it.

Sunday - March 11 -

9 day - 150 mi. Lat. 35°57' Lon. 39°53'

To-day has something of the tone of Sunday about it. Only necessary work is done. A good deal of personal washing & washing of clothes is accomplished. If no thought is given to godliness (and from the Cap's account I fear little is) some little attention is paid to cleanliness by sailors.

Sailors are said to be very generous among themselves & even outside.

The Cap. has three patients from the crew this morning. He issued them each a quail bottle of medi= =cine.

Two ships sighted. One probably

making for England, the other, a small barque making same course within the Hyde but dropping for astern.

Lounged away a good deal of time on deck in steamer chair- read some- walked a good deal. Learned names of the sails.

A home Sunday dinner would strike me just when I like.

Southerly winds are keeping us out of our true course. The hope was to cross 40 at 30 but to-day we have crossed 40 at about 36.

"A city without a Church" Drummond

Boatswain of port watch told me of being in an open boat off the Horn for 47 days - the vessel he was sailor in having foundered.

Monday - March. 12.
10 days
200 mi.
Lat. 34°56
Long. 35°

Showery in morning but beautiful in afternoon and evening.

Have begun Anna Karenina, & am very much interested in it.

There is a sailor aboard who

First game of solitaire on ship-board -

360 miles from the Azores or Western Islands -

is sick. He appears to be consumptive. Came to Cap for medicine. Cap was almost brutal in his talk to him. It made me sick to hear him tell the poor fellow that he would probably die before reaching the Horn. Cap has no love for sailors. He calls them a bad lot perhaps they are, but give Cap the same conditions & circumstances, and I do not think that he would be a whit better.

Began to look backward and forward a bit & detected a slight suspicion of impatience at the long voyage ahead. On top of this came the overwhelming thought that the 100 or more days need not be wasted time, but the most profitable in my life. There are physical & spiritual benefits which I may secure now and perhaps in no other way so well as this. One day at a time.

This a rare chance that is afforded me for a building up in every way, so that I shall be able to undertake & accomplish a good work this coming Fall.

Patience is a good thing. The best things require waiting for.

Tuesday - March 13 -
11 day -
80 mii.
Lat. 34° 05
Lon. 34° 30

Fair weather - little wind - 8 30 a.m. changed tack to W by S. -

At breakfast introduced to halibut fins which the Cap. declares to be the rarest delicacy that ever goes to sea, but in my opinion the poor=est stuff that I ever tried to eat.

At dinner ate for first time, figs sweet pickled. They are not half bad.

My candy is all gone so I broke opened jar of the jelly given me by Mrs. Pringle.

A school of whales passed close to the ship, so near that I could readily distinguish the heads. But even at considerable distance the spouting could be seen. The number was large and the jets of water shooting up here and there presented a curious sight.

Cap. pointed out to me an object on the water which I could only conjecture that I saw. He described it as a jelly like creature or plant

Capt. Lo found an old Sunday Recorder (N.Y.) which is furnishing him abundant reading. He has already been two days on it.

(he did not know which) that is very abundant - Seamen call this little object a Portuguese Man of war; by which is intended a joke upon the Portuguese navy if not also on the sea object. It shines in the sunlight. It is poisonous to the touch.

An old log floated by the ship. It was covered with barnacles and surrounded with small fish.

The wind to-day has been unfavorable - backed twice this afternoon.

Learned for the first time about variation of compass. It is indicated on navigator's chart. The variation is different at different points - increasing N & E decreasing S. & W. E.g. At New York the needle points not exactly but within 7 or 8 degrees of North Star.

Caused by Earth's inclination.

Seasons in So. Semisphere are opposite to No.

Cloud effects at sunset and during evening - beautiful & grand.

Helped Cap. a bit by writing

up accounts of sailors with the ship. It has to be submitted to Commissioner in San Francisco.

Wednesday - March 14.

12 day - 135 mi. Lat. 32°42 Lon. 36°30 Tacked several Times -

Clear weather - head winds - This voyage so far about 3 days behind last voyage of the Hyde. Sailors busy with sails - repairing old ones, making ready new ones. In a single voyage the sails are changed several Times, lighter and heavier, so the Mate put it, just as a person changes clothing according to climate -

Ate shrimps for the first time, - very good.

Cap. is very much interested in a novel although he protests that he cares nothing for them. I am still reading Anna Karenina with close attention and much interest.

Starboard Tack has the right of way - At night, starboard green light, port. green. Rd.

Thursday - March 15.

13 day.
130 mi.
Lat. 31°09
Lon. 38°35

In the main fair, a little squally in the early afternoon. The wind still persists, southerly.

It is interesting to watch the sailors bending sails. It is usually done during dog watch when all hands are on deck. One sail is loosed and another is put in its place & in order to do it, the whole crew perch along the yardarm, looking like so many flies on a stick.

This evening there was a perfect circle of light filmy clouds around the moon, clearly defined, and the most extended one that I ever saw.

The Capt's estimate of sailors I am convinced is partly correct and partly incorrect. It is too wholesale & not sufficiently discriminating. Apl. 1-

Played dominoes with Capt. and beat him. "Very unfortunate", says he. Another common expression of his is, "Now mind, I'm tellin' yer."

One of the crew claims that he is sick, but the Capt. will do nothing. He says, he is "loafin".

Friday - March 16 -

14 days -
130 mi.
Lat. 39° 36
Lon. 40° 35

Clear weather with more favorable wind.

I am beginning to settle down into a routine of ships life. The program of each day is much the same. It is not monotonous yet, but restful and highly satisfactory. I do not propose to be bound down by any particular schedule of time, but my days now fall naturally into the following routine:

7 A.M. - Salt water bath.
7.30 " - Breakfast.
— - Turn on deck - Devotional - writ. up diary & odds & ends -
— Walking, watching the seamen at work & physical exercise.
10.30 " Reading -
11.30 " Studies in Navigation.
12.30 P.M. - Dinner.
— Smoke.
— Nap - Loaf - Reading - Walks
5.30 " Supper.
— Walk -
7.00 " Reading
8.30 " Bed -

Large quantities of sea-weed floated by. A beautiful sea-dog this afternoon.

Engaged in conversation with the port watch boatswain, an uncanny man in appearance. I was surprised at his intelligence and the amount of general information that he possessed. We talked about Navigation, Dar=winism & Geology. The chat was a real bit of pleasure to me.

He swears like a trooper.

Saturday - March 17. (St. Patrick)

5 days - 80 mi. Lat. 28°43 Lon. 39°40

Clear, but almost a calm all day, bracing up toward night.

It is as good as a circus to see the men in the rigging. Capt. went aloft to-day - the first time that I have seen him do it.

Cap. says to Steward "didn't I hear a sea cackle". "Chickens no sing yet, sir." was his answer.

One of the sailors caught a gull that lit on ship - Steward gave it to me and I let it go - It lit again later in day.

It is amusing to see Capt. mix medicine. He was giving cough remedy. Something sweet needed, so took half bottle of molasses. The doctor's book called for four different drugs. These were added in on top of the molasses without any regard to measurement. Then says Capt, "The book doesn't call for it but put a lot of whiskey in."

"Anna Karenina" Tolstoi.

Enjoyed Anna Karenina very much. It is very pathetic and each character is an interesting study.

Sunday 16 days 95 mi. Lat. 27°32 Lon. 38°55

March 18 - (Palm Sunday)

Clear weather, but almost dead calm, what the sailors call the "doldrums" meaning a very light wind shifting about from all directions. One ship sighted at a distance - It remained in sight all day. Capt. tells a story of another Capt. whom he knew who was becalmed in the Indian Ocean for 27 days and declares that the clouds remained the same during the entire time. It

Pasay's hurricane blows up and down if it blows at all.

Almost everything reminds Capt. of a story.

sounds fishy.

Isaac is a real Sunday quiet all about, little or no work is being done. Read a bit in Steele's Astronomy, in Ben Hur and in Harder's life of Christ.

A grampus passed close astern of us.

It is cruel to kill the chickens for we've two dead.

Chicken killed for dinner tasted fine. I am getting more used to sea food - appetite is first class-

Monday - March 19-

17 days. 42 mi. Lat. 26°50 Lon. 38°49

The day has been in the main clear and calm with one or two light squalls and a shower of about an hour. To-night it is breezing up some. Enough rain fell to fill up our wash water tank.

Visited the hold, a dark dirty place forward.

The carpenter is making a top - most 30 in. in diameter. I had a little exercise sawing.

A Portuguese man of war passed close to the ship. It is a

This calm wearies much Capt. begin to suspect me to be a Jonah.

curious little object, glistening, appearing about 4 in. across.

The most perfect rainbow I ever saw, during the shower. It was embroden and the colors brilliant. A second began to show but was indistinct.

Tried to read the "Three Guardsmen", but was disgusted and turned to Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."

Capt. calls me by different names, — the passenger, Mister, Doctor and once in a while Mr. Bennett.

Some of the Captain's stories would not look well in print or do to be repeated, but he is gradually letting up, since he sees that they are not much relished.

This is about the longest passage to the line that the Hyde has made. We are now looking for the N.E. Trades.

During a calm, Capt. not in very good humor. He lets himself out toward the men occasionally, say-

Calls them blockheads and tries not directly but indirectly so that they can hear.

=ing things that he does not mean in a way that makes me want to laugh out loud, but I manage to keep my face straight.

Tuesday. - March 20.
18 days -
100 mi.
Lat. 35°42
Lon. 37°25

Fine day. Fair wind - It is thought that we have at last struck the N.E. trades.

Worked for a couple of hours at scraping paint. It is tip top ex=
=ercise.

Mornings I read from Psalms - evenings from Matthew. It is wonderful how much that is new is yielded by this reading of the most familiar passages.

My work comes to me nicely pointed down, but unironed.

Capt. Lo brought out a bottle of stuff, chiefly fir balsam for colds & coughs. It tastes so bad that he says he would rather die of con=
=sumption than take any. But he is giving it to the sailors.

"The Carpenter dealt out the water supply."

Fine moon to-night. Clear - Moon=
=light at sea gives a good deal of pleasure.

I have a small pile of mending

to attend to. I am glad that I have not yet to darn socks.

Wednesday - March 21.

19 days - 125 mi. Lat. 23°42 Lon. 37°

Clear - wind light -

Exercise to-day consisted in scraping paint. We have a couple of paint-burners on board but cannot make them work -

The most comfortable spot in the ship of an afternoon is on Top the cabin where the cross jack & spanker sheets form a sort of tent. For two afternoons I have read & dozed & mused & mended here with great satisfaction.

Capt. still reads the Sunday Recorder.

Steward gave us some crab apple jelly tarts for supper that were very nice.

Capt. gets tiresome minutes avoided some.

Beautiful moonlight night.

Thursday - March 22.

70 days 50 mi. Lat. 22°52 Lon. 34°19

Clear - almost calm - "Don't you feel as though you would like to swear," says the Cap. to me.

Dolphin about the ship. Made two

Ray on a hook bobbs about is the means of catching dolphins -

"Dying dolphin" - its changes of color.

Rattle on trailing line.

attempts at fishing, but unsuccessful. The Chinese cook perches himself out upon the bow-sprit and works his line with a good deal of skill.

Scraped a little paint. I should prefer some other occupation. The time passes rapidly & I could fill it up very pleasantly, but the problem with me is to find something to do other than walking which will afford me the exercise I need.

Yesterday brought us across the line into the tropics.

Friday - 71 days - 42 miles - Lat. 22°13 Lon. 36°50

March 23 - (Good-Friday)

The trade winds seem to have fooled us. It has been nearly calm all day. "A hard chance to the line" says Capt. - This has been an uneventful day. Scott is pretty good reading -

"Pericil of the Peak" Scott.

Capt. tries a new chair for good luck.

Saturday - March 24 -

77 days - 112 mi. Lat. 20°39 Lon. 35°50

Fair winds off and on but not to be depended upon - Showers. "a poor chance to be line" - The weather since leaving N.Y. has been uninterruptedly fair, not a single day without some sun -

Capt. Luis Cliff requisite for ministry is confidence.

Scraped paint a little.

The carpenter has finished a new main Top - mast and it is stowed away.

"The Tree of Knowledge" Gen. Robins.

The Temperature has been delightful all the month. It is getting somewhat warmer - but still I have not yet laid aside winter flannels -

Put a line out astern but caught nothing all day -

Phosphorescence in water to-night unusually abundant noticeable.

Sunday - March 25 - Easter.

73 days - 120 mi - Lat. 18°46 Lon. 35° (?)

Cool, squally, day - uncertain winds until early this evening when it sprung up good strong - This is sailors' wash day - The lee scuppers plugged - last night's rain made a

nice large puddle of fresh water - Into this clothes are tumbled and then jumped on by bare feet and treaded clean or as clean as they ever will be.

Read Ben Hur & Stalker's Life of Christ. Walked a good deal -

A flying fish flew on deck and was ordered to the kitchen.

The Capt. shaved his moustache off this morning. He looks now like an old Catholic priest and one that had seen something of the world. - Steward had his - ent. Capt. told him that it made him look like an Indian.

Monday - March 26 -

24 days
155 mi.
Lat. 16°09
Lon. 33°35

The much desired trades seem at last to have actually reached us. For twenty-four hours we have had steady, strong N.E. wind carrying us at least 10 knots if not more.

Bread fosted on the flying-fish that last night landed on deck -

Reading "Scarlet Letter", a re-reading. I am struck with the beauty of the writing -

All my restless thinking about future plans is gradually disappear=
=ing and in its place a restful feeling that there is one place for me to work, not of my own unaided choosing, but by Higher leading.

If it were not for the books that I love, this voyage would be unendurable. They fit into the chinks.

The North star is now pretty near the horizon. We are gradually approaching the line.

Beat Capt. at dominoes.

I wish I could describe his looks in his white linen trousers, his white shirt without collar, his flan=
=nel shirt sleeves reaching into view, low shoed like a priest. Thus in part he looks. And when he tries to sing, the climax of the ridiculous is capped.

Tuesday - March 27 -

25 days
335 mi.
Lat. 12°52
Lon. 31°07

390 miles from Cape de Verde 2.

A splendid wind all day affording us a good chance - ships way over on starboard side and skimming along finely -

Scraped paint & read - not a very brilliant programme, but more entertaining than it looks -

"The Scarlet Letter". Hawthorne.

Capt. this evening gave me one of his tirades against our American Government. He is a great man for harping on one thing.

Wednesday - March 28 -

26 days
210 mi.
Lat. 9°30
Lon. 28°40

Still the trades hold good and strong, and the weather fine. The usual program consumed the day, with one addition. Began a study of Galatians with the idea of becoming familiar if possible with the shorter epistles.

The north star soon will vanish -

A line towed all day but no fish -

"The Evil Genius" Wilkie Collins. Skimming it - Trash -

Engaged in conversation with one or two seamen. They say that only about one in 500 ever dares a penny -

Thermometer 76° at 8 A.M.

Thursday - March 29.
27 days
726 mi.
Lat. 5°44
Lon. 28°15

Steamer reported early this am. bound for Lisc.

Thermometer 76° at 8 am. but good breeze. Beautifully clear - Warm but not hot. Wore the thinnest clothes.

Flying fish all about us.

Friday - March 30.
28 days
220 mi.
Lat. 2°12
Long. 29°30

The N.E. trades bid fair to carry us into the S. E. trades. Not uncomfortably warm in thin clothes. Showers.

Two large fish caught from forecastle deck. We had some for ~~breakfast~~ dinner; fried in oil. Capt. says "good", I say "no good". - difference of opinion.

Fish called Bonita.

A shower coming up this afternoon took refuge in Boatswains' room and had a nice long talk with the Boatswain of Starboard watch. He told me about himself. His former wasting of his money in drink - his total abstinence for three years

Found him reading Dut. while he enjoys reading or re-reading.

and his plan of going up the sea and returning to his home in Michigan which he had not seen for six years. He showed me his few books which he had read over and over. He is very fond of reading the Bible & seemed from his conversation to be quite familiar with it. Showed me a little blank book in which he had written out Script. verses that he had picked out. We had a good straightforward talk together, I advise him to be honest. Sailors are a tough lot, but I do not think I am mistaken in this one. Loaned him some volumes of Chambers' Miscellany. He promises to give me some work to do, splicing &c.

Am enjoying "Felix Holt" but do not think it so good as many of her other books.

Squalls during evening - very heavy rain - one flash of lightning I saw - pitch black night.

A number of Mother Carey's Chickens seen during the day.

Three Times the Rolling rule went

The Lassy rain means "washee" To-morrow - "no rain - no washee."

off, once the hook was bent - but no fish caught there.

Saturday - March 31 -

29 days. 113 mi. Lat. 00° 19 N. Lon. 24° 00

Clear - warm day - little wind. I am about in Tennis trousers and waist of pajamas.

Busied myself awhile with fish-lines & fishing - but too warm for much exercise -

Crossed the line about 5 P.M. Lon. 26° 50

Pitch starting up from decks -

There are several points that break up voyage into sections & we Lon reached the first. They are 1. The Line - 2. 50° S. 3. 50° S on the other side of Cape - 4. The Line. 5. San Francisco -

150 miles from Penedo de San Pedro or St. Paul's Rocks - 64 ft. high bold shore. Sometimes ships run close to it.

Ship's light reported last evening -

Capt. & I get into lively discussions. He is down on every foreigner & the Southerners, & also has a trade at his tongues' end, continually,

against our government. Some of the discussions are amusing. Many of his prejudices are founded on the most insignificant things happening 30 to 50 yrs. ago.

"Felix Holt" Eliot.

Read the "Chariot race" in Ben Hur.

Smoked special cigar in honor to the Line just crossed.

March is over and april now begun. about ¼ of passage. The first stage has been traversed, the Line crossed, and now for 50° S.

The month has been singularly pleasant - not a single rainy day - showers once in a while but very few.

Temperature quite even - never cold and rarely very warm.

Considerable reading has occupied my time, much loafing & pacing and latterly bits of work. It bids fair to offer me more things to do.

Usually Capt. & I played one game of dominoes before retiring.

He does & does not improve on acquaintance. He would be a terrible bore if one could let him

Catching rain water seems to be one of his commanding thoughts. Tirades against sailors is another.

The crew I am getting better acquainted with. They are not all that could be desired but there are many good points, on the whole I should say a pretty good crew.

I am much better than when I left N.Y. & I see strong hopes for greater improvement. Mustache grows a little, but very little.

My time does not pass unpleasantly. am beginning now to ship life, ship-quarters & ship-fare, and I manage to derive much pleasure & comfort. I have had lots of quiet thought & meditation such as I have never had before.

The close of the month finds me stronger in every way & intensely grateful. The month has been a month of privilege & blessing & I trust it will be a continuous fact in my life that I am daily growing & becoming better & better able to take up my life work.

Sunday – April 1 –

30 days
120 mi.
Lat. 2° 4' 50"
Lon. 27° 20

Warm weather with frequent showers has been the order of to-day – Ship sighted going N. –

I do not like bonita so declined at supper. Capt. insists it is because caught on Sunday –

A school of fish (bonitas) passed about the ship this afternoon. The sailors caught five. Pretty sight to watch them in water, then see them jump at hook & then hauled in. They bite very quickly and greedily

"Ben Star" towline.

Am getting in more with crew, & derive much pleasure from bits of conversation with the men.

Monday – April 2.

31 days.
130 mi.
Lat. 3° 54
Lon. 28° 30

Rainy in morning – very warm, almost dead calm.

Steward cut my hair to-day – a laughable operation. "I a five-cent barber" said he grinning. My head looks as if a goat had chewed the hair off, but it makes me cooler and answers every purpose.

The Steward's natural expression is that of a man starting to whistle only lips open a good deal.

Went aloft to topmast – curious sensation for the first time, the Starboard watch Boatswain O'Neil went still further for aloft while I waited

at the topmost for Time. His Lot, a straw one, blew off and drifted astern. While I was looking at it from my lofty perch, and a large shark made for it.

Had a nice little chat with this boatswain. We talked about Scripture passages and religious themes, all of which he introduced and in them he seemed to be greatly interested. I am to have a little Bible reading with him some time.

a Toothache or neuralgia partly explains Capt's Temper.

Capt. flew into a passion at the second mate, just at my bed-time. I never saw such an exhibition of Temper, profanity and the most unreasonable statements. Capt. is a very arbitrary man, of bitter prejudices, sometimes extremely unreasonable. He sometimes manages to see only about six for as the end of his nose.

Then comes we are having. Capt. says he never saw in the latitude we are now in.

Robbed around for fish a little, scraped paint a good deal.

Tuesday- 32 days 40 mi. Lat. 4°31 Lon. 28°50

April 3"

A warm and oppressive day. Little or no wind, seem very Lot. Thin clothes and shade the order of the day.

Capt. got out the wrong side of bed and began the day poorly. Before breakfast I heard him pouring out forcibly against the man at the wheel. He threatened to have him put into irons and thrashed. The calm weather seems greatly distress Capt. He says he is too old to have any pride about making a quick passage, but he is mistaken, he's just as ambitious as he ever was.

1/2 Lo. flat on back on Top of Pilot House is very restful.

A nice spot to loaf when the crew are all at work midships, is on the foklend lead when the bowsprit joins the ship -

Re-read Galatians and found that it stands out more clearly to my mind than ever before. I shall stick to it still longer.

All hands are at work scraping paint and sand-papering.

Had the southern cross indicated to me but Lore not yet clearly made it out.

Wednesday - April 4.

33 days.
125 mi.
Lat. 6°15
Lon. 29°55

Still warm and almost oppressive, with little wind. The wind or lack of wind makes all the difference in Temperature.

Passed Fernando Noronha 190 miles N.W. when nearest to it. It is a Brazilian penal settlement. On it is a pyramid of rock 600 feet high. N.E. of this lie the Rocas reef which vessels sometimes pass. There is a light on them.

To-day on a line with St. Roque also with Natal. We are about 275 miles from mainland of South America.

This morning a Steamer came into view passed along side Jris and then out of sight across our bow. She is probably bound for Rio - + is thought by Capt. and others to be an Italian Transp.

A bark in sight bound in same general direction but overtaken by us and now falling astern.

Amused myself by painting awhile on the main deck - Anything for exercise.

"Life Interest" Mrs. Alexander.

Finished a "Life Interest" by Mrs. Alexander. Capt. now for the book.

My astronomy proves Capt. mistaken a= bout Southern Cross- as he is on board ship, so far as I have learned differs with him on this point.

Saw one of the two (or perhaps three) Magellan. Clouds. They are like a bit of the milky way detached and per= manently located - visible only in So. hemisphere.

I am thoroughly satisfied in my own mind. (Many!)

Thursday - 34 days 80 mi. Lat. 7°17 Lon. ___

April 5-

A fine day - heavy rain about 4 AM. but clear weather all day, with a little wind and comfortable Temperature.

Engaged in painting, scraping paint and had my first lesson in splicing from the second boatswain. I am de= veloping quite a liking for him. He is rough but unless I am much mistaken he is an honest chap. He certainly has been very kind to me. I look upon him as my mission. If I can help him in any way I shall be glad.

Capt. and I are on very agreeable terms to-day. Sometimes he is a little distant. The calm - weather bothers him.

Spent a real enjoyable hour with Gala= trains this afternoon.

"Old Curiosity Shop" is more entertaining than I had anticipated.

Friday - 35 days - 138 mi. Lat. 9°13 Lon. 32°

April 6-

Still fine weather, still light winds, still warm.

The usual round of diversion & amuse= =ment pursued - Experimented with ropes & knots - a slow learner but an interested one.

Just after dinner a bloody fray took place between the Port Boatswain and a fellow called Joe of the Starboard watch. The Boatswain altho' intelligent upon many points (I found Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" on his room) is a rough, almost brutal fellow. He swears like a pirate, and when angry roars like a maniac.

Joe is a lazy fellow but good-natured and generally liked. I am interested in him because he is a Bible student.

The fight was started by the Boatswain who had no business to interfere with work of other watch. He swore at Joe & then struck him. The fight began, considerable blood drawn chiefly from Boatswain. They had to be separated. B. shrieked with fury, vowing to kill Joe. Things settled down when Cap. appeared. Joe pleaded with Cap. for his protection.

The whole deplorable affair made quite a bit of excitement.

Pernambuco to the Westward.

The Mate is a 7th-Top fellow. The second mate would be nice also, if he were not so dirty. The Boatswain No. 2 is the fellow I like best of all.

Saturday - April 4 -

36 days.
125 mi.
Lat. 10°46
Lon. 33°25.

Quiet and uneventful. Possibly a little bitter wind and a trifle cooler but still fine and warm. Read considerable and worked little. My chief work was sewing a patch on a pair of flannel drawers.

And reading Old Curiosity Shop, and am delighted with it. The humor in it is really (droll,

the Pastorie is delicately drawn and the descriptions are very graphic. Perhaps it is because I have not read any Dickens for a long time and so come to it now with new relish.

I am of the opinion in spite of the Capt. that we have a pretty good crew. I feel sure that a little more would spread quite a bit of good among them.

Boatswain number two put to me some Bible questions, among them these:

1. Explain in early Genesis, "the sons of God taking to wife the daughters of men"

2. Explain the killing of so many people by Moses and the Children of Israel in their march to Canaan.

I attempted no explanation. The fellow seemed to really crave the truth - but difficult a thing it is to make such a man see the difference between essentials and non-essentials. Every thing seems to him to be on a dead-level.

"Tempest" Stods - I am interested in him & hope to do some=thing for him.

A man named Cooney interests me. Cap. says he's a looper which coming from the Cap. would incline me to be=lieve that he is a first rate fellow. He has a good face.

Ship appeared on port side in distance bound in opposite direction.

The following bill of fare for this past week I put here as a specimen of grub.

Sunday - April 1.

Breakfast.	Dinner -	Supper.
Fried ham & eggs.	Chicken Soup.	Bonita fried in oil.
Boiled potatoes	Crackers.	Fresh beef stew.
Corn bread.	Sweet pickle figs.	Smoked beef.
Bread biscuit.	Onions. Chicken (fresh killed)	Saratoga potatoes.
Buck wheat Cakes.	Mashed potatoes.	Raised biscuits.
Coffee.	Peas.	Tea.
	Wheat bread.	Canned peaches.
	Plum duff.	Plain cake.
	Lemonade	
	Claret.	

Monday - April 2.

Oatmeal
Salmon bellies.
Fried bonita.
Boiled potatoes.
Bread biscuit.
Coffee.

Pea Soup.
Crackers.
Cucumbers pickles.
Pickled beets.
Boiled salt tongue.
" potatoes.
Canned Corn.
Dried peach pie.
Lemonade.
Cheese.

Salt beef Lash.
Tongue.
Smoked beef.
Toast.
Wheat bread.
Tea.
Ginger bread.
Plain cake.
Canned plums.

Tuesday - April 3.

Farina.
Smoked haddock.
Salt beef stew.
Boiled potatoes.
Bread biscuit
Coffee.

Tomato Soup.
Pork & beans.
Boston brown bread.
Boiled potatoes.
Turnips.
Cucumbers pickles.
Wheat bread.
Tapioca pudding.
Lemonade.
Cheese.

Baked beans.
Stock - beef.
Hashed potatoes.
Sardines.
Toast
Wheat bread.
Tea.
Canned plums.
Plain cake.

Wednesday - April 4.

Hominy.
Tongues & rounds.
Baked beans.
Sardines.
Boiled potatoes.
Bread biscuit.
Coffee.

Ox Tail soup.
Cucumbers pickles.
Curry &
Rice & Shrimp.
Chetney -
Boiled potatoes.
Macaroni.
Wheat bread.
Plum pie.
Cheese
Lemonade.

Picked up codfish.
Baked beans.
Sardines.
Macaroni.
Baked potatoes.
Wheat bread.
Toast.
Tea.
Prunes.
Plain Cake.

Thursday - April 5.

Fried Ham & Eggs.
Boiled potatoes.
Corn bread.
Wheat bread.
Buckwheat Cakes.
Coffee.

Beef soup.
Crackers.
Cucumbers pickles.
Canned Tongue.
" asparagus.
" peas.
Mashed potatoes.
Wheat bread.
Blueberry roly poly.
Lemonade
Cheese.
Cheese.

Canned Tongue.
Sardines.
Smoked salmon.
Beef Stew.
Fried potatoes.
Cold Chopped Cabbage.
Raised biscuit.
Canned peas.
Ginger bread.
Tea.

Friday - April 6.

Oatmeal.
Halibut fris.
Sardines.
Canned Salmon.
Boiled potatoes.
Bread biscuit.
Coffee.

Bean Soup.
Crackers.
Cucumbers pickles.
Baked pork & beans.
Canned Salmon.
Boil. brown bread.
Pickled beets.
Boiled potatoes.
Mince pie.
Lemonade
Chum.

Baked beans.
Canned Salmon.
Salt beef Stew.
Browned potatoes.
White bread.
Hard bread.
Canned pears.
Plain cake.
Tea.

Saturday - April 4-

Fried pipe.
Canned lobster.
Salad dressing.
Salt beef Stew.
Boiled potatoes.
Bread biscuit.
Coffee.

Oyster Stew.
Hard bread.
Boiled Codfish.
" potatoes.
" onions.
Turnips.
Wheat bread.
Lemonade
Flap. jacks.
Chum.

Lobster salad.
Fish cakes (Cod)
Baked beans.
Raw onions.
Wheat bread.
Toast.
Tea.
Dried apples.
Plain Cake.
Ginger Cakes.

Sunday - April 8-

37 days-
145 mi.
Lat. 12°51
Lon. 34°55

This has been a beautiful and a thoroughly enjoyable day. This morning it was a little warm and there was not much breeze, but this afternoon a good wind sprang up.

Discovered to-day the ship library for Sailors - It is in a nicely painted box and consists of about forty books and magazines brand new. The box is loaned by the Seamen's Friend Society. The selections are good, Spurgeon's Life & Sermons, Bible Dictionary, Uncle Tom's Cabin other religious books and stories. Boatswain No. 2 wanted a Bible Dictionary & seemed much pleased when he found one.

The Capt. takes no interest in this matter. He thinks old newspapers of any kind good enough for this reading.

Had a Yack with Joe and found

Joe is lazy they say- This is only a second trip. Formerly he was cashier in Café of Young's Hotel Boston. He comes from Maine.

Linn very pleasant and more responsive than I had expected. He has just finished reading the New Testament through while on board ship, and had several questions to ask which we talked over together. I shall be glad if I can be of any help to him.

A steamer passed us going north- two boats also were sighted, one going north, the other bound south but sailing astern. At first she seemed to be outsailing us, but later in the day the Hyde went away ahead.

The boat going north, we signaled, hoping to be reported. She signaled "from Rio Janeiro", but thro' mistake we failed to get her name.

Finished Stalker's "Life of Christ" and was very much impressed by it. It is stated in a concise, simple and straightforward manner and in parts is very suggestive. The chapter on the "Year of Public Favor" and the one narrating the "Trial and Crucifixion" are fine. I must read the book again at an early opportunity. It is vastly superior to those books which draw so tremendously on the imagination.

"Life of Christ" Stalker.

Monday - April 9 -

38 days
135 mi.
Lat. 14°58
Lon. 36°15

This has been the hardest day since leaving Newport. It has been nearly dead calm and one time refusing to steer. It has been very hot and uncomfortable. All this is said to be a strange thing to happen in the middle of the S.E. Trades which are regarded the best in the world.

Ships lights can be seen only two miles at best.

At half past two this morning a vessel was reported dangerously near our craft. Capt. went on deck. She seemed to carry no forward lights and so her approach was not seen by us until quite near. Still no harm was done. There ought to be room enough here for two vessels.

Too restless and uncomfortable with the heat to keep steadily at much work or much reading. Finished "Old Curiosity Shop." The character of little Nell is wonderfully and beautifully told and it stands out more strikingly in contrast with the ludicrous and the wicked. Read some of Dickens's short pieces in the same volume: "The Long Voyage"; "The Begging-Letter Writer"; "A Child's Dream of a Star", & "Our English Watering Place".

"Old Curiosity Shop". Several short pieces. Dickens.

Sailors often sing when all hands are pulling the halyards - solo and chorus.

Sailors sing in forecastle - moonlight - some good voices.

This is the second time since I have been on board that I have experienced a touch of blueness. But it was very slight, and lasted only a little while. I manage to take it philosophically - or rather the thought, which almost constantly with me, what a glorious opportunity this for growth in every way, drives away all blues and makes me profoundly grateful for my privileges.

Tuesday - April 10.
39 days -
40 mi.
Lat. 15°31
Lon. 36°48

Still mean weather, but made more bearable by a good rain this morning: But when is the wind? Capt. thinks that if I should swear it might do some good and he promises not to tell any one if I do.

First about ship. This evening, ship -

"Stir Word of Honor".
2. Verne (from Germ.)

jacks. Sailors caught two. They are very much like bonitas.
Breeze up about bed time.

Wednesday - April 11.

40 days.
54 mi.
Lat. 16°25
Lon. 36°50

Even to-day has its objections. There is a good breeze making the temperature cooler but the wind is a head wind and has necessitated reefing. Capt. is very much disheartened. The ship rips up pretty well but gives way in spells.
Last evening after I had retired a steamer passed close to us. Capt. burned flash-light.
The steward's ironing is worthy of comment. Arranging a spot on the dining table in the forward cabin, and heaping his work there, he goes to galley for an iron. This he carries across deck in the open air, and then begins to iron. I think I am right in saying that the iron once heated disposes of the entire work. Of course the wrinkles do not disappear. The palm of the hand would be equally successful.
By means of astronomy which I love, Lord at last succeeded in placing the Southern Cross.
Read some short pieces of Dickens. He is remarkably good in description of external things, of appearance of persons and places, of demeanor and actions. He shows clearly that he was a close observer. But he does not describe thoughts and motives, principles or persons as they stand related to a life, as well as does Geo. Eliot. The Lol. are the stories read: Those that interested me most are underscored. - "Our French Watering Place" - "Bill-Sticking" - "Births, Mrs. Mucks, & Sons" - "Lying Awake" - "The Poor Relations' Story" - "The Child's Story" - "The Schoolboys Story" - "No-

Short pieces Dickens.

Lady's Story" - "The Ghost of Art" - "Out of Town" - "Out of Season" - "A poor Man's Tale of a Patent" - "The Noble Savage" - "A Flight" - "The Detective Police" - "More Detective Anecdotes" - "On duty with Inspector Field" - "Down with the Tide"

Thursday - April 12.

41 days.
95 mi.
Lat. 14°38
Lon. 37°40

We are really having a very hard time yet if our Lord is set on making even an ordinary passage. Little or no wind and that unfavorable, at least taking us out from course. Temperature not uncomfortable. Though inclined to be warm. We are not far from the Brazil coast.

I do not remember ever feeling so well as to-day. When colder and more bracing weather comes I ought to be in fine trim.

Witnessed sounding process. Chart makes us on Rodgers' Bank with 40 fathoms of water. Sounded three during day without reaching.

Porpoises under or across bow while I was at supper. Boatswain, No. 1. attempted to harpoon one but did not get it.

Had a real earnest Christian talk with Boatswain, No. 2.

Short pieces. Dickens.

Read more of Dickens' short pieces:- "A walk in a Work-House" - "Prince Bull- a Fairy Tale" - "A Flat Article" - "Our Honorable Friend" - all of them good. Turning from them read a few chapters in Drummond's "Tropical Africa", with which I am greatly interested.

I wonder what they are doing at home. How they all are, what Lon

happened since I left. I often find myself asking these questions, and yet there is a very restful feeling, that all is well.

Friday - April 13 -

42 days
19 sm.
Lat. 17°57
Lon. 38°

Lack no good yet. No wind - Doubtful if we reach the Cape for many a day.

Sounded and found it 30 fathoms - We are on Rodgers' Bank - Tried fishing on bottom, and caught one, a red snapper about 4 or 5 pounds. Fished until motion of ships made it impossible to reach bottom.

A number of Mother Carey's Chickens or Stormy Petrels kept about the stern while I was fishing. They would pick up bits of pork thrown overboard. Capt. left Paul with me to help pull in line.

We are nearer coast than any day yet. There is a small island to the westward about 40 miles, Abrolhos Is. - Capt. sent man aloft to look for it, but he could not see it.

This for no extended time, only for a few moments.

The best time of day to see at a distance at sea, is in the morning just before the sun rises or at evening just after the sun sets.

Two vessels reported, but not visible from deck. Smoke from steamer going north seen.

Helped Steward make an inventory of canned goods.

Short pieces. Dickens.

Read more of Dickens' short pieces: "Our School" - "Our Vestry" - "Our Bore" - "A Monument of French Folly" - "A Christmas Tree". Dickens' satire is keen. Read Drummond's account of the White Ant. This is intensely interesting.

Steward found a bed-bug in Capt's room. C. very much exercised. House cleaning ordered.

Saturday - April 14.

43 days.
52 mi.
Lat. 18°49
Lon. 38°9

Awakened this morning about 6½ by hearing the Capt. give orders to make ready for fishing. This was too much for me so I was soon on deck. We are still on the reef, about 28 fathoms & the ship is lying pretty still. Caught one before breakfast, a good-sized red snapper. Later in day caught four more, 1 lb. to 5 lbs. Others were caught, giving us a nice mess of fish. It is pretty good eating. All the while I was fishing four sharks kept within sight. Small ones. I caught one. Dan tried to get hook out and had an exciting time. Altogether a pretty good days sport. I managed to get a good coat of tan.

Myriads of little red creatures on the water. They swim beautifully & for their size very rapidly.

Wind came up in afternoon - Some aloft several results reported. This must have been a pretty poor one as to progress of ship.

Capt. is a man of words. But they do not seem to be directed toward me at any time, although I can see and feel them. We manage to keep on pretty good terms.

Sunday - April 15 -

44 days
110 mi.
Lat. 20°34
Lon. 38°11

A lovely Sunday - a real Sabbath. Some little breeze, but from the north so making it a little warm. Towards the day was nothing to be complained of, but something to be thoroughly enjoyed.

Found a little manual of worship for ship service. It contains a number of the old familiar hymns. I had quite a little Church service all by myself, reading Scripture portions and the prayers and humming a few of the hymns while I read the words.

"Tropical Africa" Drummond.

Finished Drummond's "Tropical Africa" and gave it to the Capt. to read. Started Stalker's "Imago Christi" and could hardly lay it aside. It is as Dr. Wm. M. Taylor says in the preface, "Original, reverent and suggestive." Drummonds' Chapter on "Mimicry" also interested me greatly. Read E. Bhemain through, preparatory to close study.

Bonitos & Skip-jacks in large numbers. Sunday seems to be the favorite day for the appearance of fish.

Playing cards in the fore castle, some three or four of sailors.

About 450 miles due East of us To-day are two small islands, rocky & uninhabited, Trinidad and Martin Vaz. They are about 30 miles apart. Vessels homeward bound often go between them.

To-day brings us across 20°. We are on Victoria Bank - about 30 fathoms.

Some of the color effects at sunset are such as I have seen approximated in paintings and never could believe natural. The deepness of the blue I have never seen elsewhere.

Monday - April 16.

45 days
85 mi.
Lat. 22° 02
Lon. 38°

Had to tack several times because of wind leading us off. Seven vessels reported, seen from aloft. Two in sight from deck - probably bound for Rio.

Came of cooler in evening with more wind & a squall or two.

"A Brave Woman" E. Markite. From Gunn.

The day has been certainly uneventful but it has seemed to pass away quickly and pleasantly.

Saw a number of land birds. Two lit on ship. One sign of swallow. The other as small as a humming bird.

Tuesday - April 17.

46 days
110 mi.
Lat. 23°45
Lon. 38°45

To-day has brought us strong wind and a heavy sea. The wind is all we could desire, but the sea is ahead.

A hard day for old sails. The ship has on a suit of old clothes, summer clothes and has been taken unawares. Three sails ripped to pieces, and pair of the mizzen rigging snapped.

After a little I began to really enjoy the sea. Down goes the bow and the ship plunges her nose into the sea and takes aboard a lot of water over the forecastle head. At the same time up goes the stern and when it comes down, splash goes the water on the main deck.

Sat for sometime watching the spray blown by the wind. Now and then a wave would rise up to an edge, and a little bit of rainbow would show that the sun had kissed it.

Barque abreast ours most of day, but gradually falling astern.

We have left Cape St. Thome behind and are now below Cape Frio and Rio Janeiro. Capricorn is passed and we are out of the tropics. The temperature is lower. It is cool. It seems strange to think of advancing in a week or two into winter.

Capt. and I played a couple of games of dominoes under difficulty, with the ship's pitching. He beat them both much to his delight.

Steward says that the weather is "beau-ful". This is his favorite adjective of commendation.

Wednesday - April 18.

47 days
165 mi
Lat. 25°11
Lon. 41°10

The sea of yesterday has largely subsided, still there is yet a good old roll. The wind is favorable. It is getting decidedly cooler.

A vessel astern stole up into sight and then dropped back out of sight.

Capt. proposes that I write about 50 sermons and then I have Lots nothing to do when I get ashore, for a year.

Reading Dombey & Son. The death of little Paul was prepared for and indicated and yet it was to me as I read it unexpected and a thorough surprise. I am also reading Imago Christi.

Land birds about the ship.

Thursday - April 19.

48 days.
165 mi.
Lat. 27°17
Lon. 43°

The wind aft so that ship is on an even keel. The first time since leaving N.Y. that I remember. - We are making pretty good time. New sails and bring bended or rather the newer sails, to made ready for winds off the Horn.

A Norwegian barque passed us going North. We spoke her - asked to be reported. The name she did not put up.

My mending seems is a source of amusement to the crew.

Scraping paint all finished so I have to look for a new job. Have taken up mending sennett (Sennit I believe is correct.) A good seaman is supposed to be able to make enough sennit in one day to reach from jib-boom to spanker boom, reaching over tops of masts.

Friday - April 20 -

49 days.
190 mi.
Lat. 29°41
Lon. 45°40 OR.

An uneventful day slipping by noiselessly in the usual routine. Reading and enjoying Dombey & Son. Made several yards of sennit, a good deal for my sore and blistered fingers.

It is getting cooler. A unpleasant sea comes - Good wind but heading off.

Saturday - April 21 -

50 days
125 mi
Lat. 31°40
Lon. 46°18

Showers during the night and constant changes in wind. Showers continue and wind and sea increase. Quite a gale of wind and a very sea. Short sail - Headed off in our course - we are making about S by E. in=stead of S. W.

Made more water. It is better than knitting. I have caught the knack of using one hand in plaiting.

Wind increases in evening nevertheless Capt. and I have our game of dominoes.

The waves go very rapidly but the ship does not. We are 18 or 20 days behind last voyage and seem to have a "bad chance" at every point.

Sunday - April 22.

51 days -
100 mi.
Lat. 33°20
Lon. 46°02

Beautifully clear - cool - small gale of wind very heavy sea. Ship is pitching, rolling and plunging. The wind is driving us to the eastward, preventing our course and ruffling the Capt's. temper. - We are carry=ing very little sail.

I am surprised at myself that I am not the least bit sea sick - very fortunate I am sure.

Seated on top of cabin I held a little Church service all by myself - Sang a few Hymns, read Scripture, read a Sermon, Offered Prayer. The service was interrupted by the call of sail a Ho! and I had to inspect a distant barque through the marine glasses. But returning I read Prof. Drummond's address "a city without a Church". This is a second reading.

"A city with=out a Church." Drummond.

After dinner smoked one of cigars given me by Uncle Willie. Chatted with second mate and two or three of crew - walked about as best I could, read some from

"Imago Christi", wrote a few pages in note book.

Indigestion made the day not quite the Sabbath such as last but still a day of pleasure and profit.

When Steward finds an egg in the hen house it is a great event. I guess two a week is about all we get.

We are pretty close to N. latitude of Rio de la Plata. Have rough weather is usual. It looks as though passage would be a long one. Already provisions are being guarded carefully. We have all we want, but it is well to know just what we have on hand.

Monday - April 23.

52 days.
77 mi.
Lat. 34°34
Lon. 45°36.

Wind heading us off - but coming up about 4 P.M. so that we make S.S.W. Wind increases. at 6 P.M. we are making due W or W ½ S. a wind of about 10 knots - not a great deal of sea. A beautiful night, bright moonlight, Southern Cross directly overhead, not a cloud to be seen. After I retired it began to blow stronger - sail shortened. Heavy sea.

Lat 35°-37°6. is regarded as the roughest part of the voyage. The Rio Plate has much to do with it. We are now in its latitude.

Made some more water. Ready a little. It is wonderful how quickly the days go. I am going to try to regulate even more than I have, trying to rid myself of this legalism which is so characteristic of me - reducing everything to a cast iron system when system is unnecessary and only chafes.

I shall try to read less. - perhaps it will be just as well for then I shall read more carefully and closely and consequently remember more.

Tuesday - April 24.

53 days - 145 mi. Lat. 35°27 Lon. 48°36

Great changes in wind and weather take place within a very short time. Last night when I went to bed it was perfectly clear, a good strong fair wind. Soon the wind increased to a gale, the sea became very heavy. Early this morning a storm came up. Thunder and lightning, heavy wind and sea. After this the wind began to grow less and to haul us off until now at 8 a.m. there is little wind and we are pointing S instead of W by S.

Shaved my moustache, I mean my upper lip.

Capt. reports a butterfly blown aboard. It must have travelled between 900 and 1000 miles.

Capt. says that last night was a nasty night. I was asleep and knew nothing about it.

A Danish Brig passed us going N.E. We signalled her to report us.

"Dombey & Son" - Dickens.

Finished reading Dombey & Son. I think it is immense. It is difficult to say which one of Dickens' I like best. I think with me it is the last one read.

A brig is two mast. full square rigged - formerly common but now little used.

A barque has two masts square rigged & the third with fore & aft sail.

Capt. has had a yarn at Tenerife end for any and every occasion, chiefly concerning some exploit of his own. But I believe he has about reached his limit for he is beginning to tell them over again as brand new.

Wednesday - April 25.

54 days - D. R. Lat 34°40 Lon. 49°20

A rainy and cloudy beginning with what wind there is, free for W by S. course. The idea of this course is to bring us back again in shore and into the regular track from which we have been driven by W. winds.

Bad weather. The first genuinely stormy day since leaving New York.

started a new kind of senate - railroad senate- but had to stop work on account of the weather. About 3 P.M. we met a white squall. Well it was a storm to me a famous one. all hands on deck - All but fore sails taken in. Soon it came upon us - A gale of wind - heavy sea and downpours of rain and hail. The way the wind blew was a caution. I suppose it can be worse. I stayed on deck during the worst of it and then to get out of the drenching wet, went into the saloon to watch it out. It only lasted about 3/4 of an hour. Such squalls are more or less expected when we now are.

Capt. and mates all say that this afternoons squall was the unusually heavy one. Had it caught the royals set it would have done damage.

It looks as though we were going to strike the storm at a bad time, we have been so delayed, but we shall have to take it as it comes.

Gale continues - no chance to do anything but lie to and take it. It sends us off our course.

Main spencer sail set for the first time. by this carried steadily when no other sail can, we are feeling the coolness.

Thursday - April 14.

55 days
Lat. 34° 47
Lon. 51° -

Gale continued through the night with squalls. Ship pitched and rolled all night tremendously.

Bad weather all day. Gales, tremendous sea short sail - but more sunshine than yesterday.

It is difficult to get the exercise that I need, and my appetite does not abate a whit. My sandiwich with rope yarn in is temporarily laid by. The only thing to do is loaf and read. Writing is done under difficulties as this will show.

"The Trumpet Major." Hardy.

"The Knights = bridge Mystery" Rudd.

"The Picture" Rudd.

We are really having a pretty tough time. We have been delayed and driven off of our course so that I am beginning to think one month over the 125 days a reasonable estimate.

But we must take what comes and make the best of it.

Capt's log under date says "Dumb hard". In spite of spelling one catches his meaning.

Friday - April 27 -

56 days.

Lat. - 35°09
Long. 50°50

Wind and sea have subsided in a remarkably short order. During the day the wind has been getting more and more favorable, at night permitting a S.S.W. course. We are carrying all but skysails and spencer.

Amused myself by making railroad sennit, learning to knit rope-yarn. Made an attempt at French sennit and succeeded in getting the idea. Used for it seven strands of three yarns each.

Saw a Cape pigeon - An albatross reported which I failed to see.

Beat capt. two games of dominoes. When I win a hand, Capt. always assures me, that it was his fault, that he could have prevented it but made a mistake.

"Fit for Tat". Read.

Capt. wanted an argument, "just for fact", so he tabs for his proposition. All fun. Share of goods except for actual present use in gambling. After arguing this for some time using numerous illustrations which were really the same illustration with different terms or figures, Capt. passes on to the subject of written forms and forms mortgages. How he has I guess been taken.

Saturday - April 28.

57 days.
210 mi.
Lat. 37°58
Lon. 53°30

At last the wind has shifted a few points letting us make our course. We are going at 10 knots. Breze increasing so that by degrees the shortening of sail is necessary. This afternoon it blew pretty hard. A good deal of sea shipped. One seaman struck by it and hurt but I guess not very badly.

Reading "Oliver Cromwell" by Frederic Harrison. It has been spoken of as strong and well-written.

Rio de la Plata is at last safely passed and Cape Corrientes. This ought to mean better weather for us, until we get down by the Falkland Is.

Twenty-two days behind last voyage.

Have a new occupation, viz: Presiding at the Saturday opening of slop-chest and keeping account with the Sailors.

Wind goes down toward night, what there is changes so that we take the other tack.

Sunday- April 29-

58 days.
100 mi.
Lat. 39°
Lon. 54°50

Mate reported a heavy dew last night. This am. there is little or no wind, clear as a bell and cold. Buckwheat cakes are appetizing.

Thermometer 53° in wheelhouse at 8 Am.

Held a little Church service all by myself as I did last Sunday morning, and as last Sunday I had interruption. This time Steward came to me in the midst of a hymn, I think it was and said, "Puter piece porder on hook and catche fish"- After shaking my head he went on and I went on. Read for the sermon Dr. Stitchcock's "Eternal Atonement". Read the sermon twice. It deals with a tremendous theme in a thoughtful manner.

Several schools of "bloodfish" went across the bow, also some astern and some under the ship. They appear at a distance like porpoises only much larger and with sharper backs. They spout like a whale and when near the ship the spouting makes quite a noise. The Capt. and the 2nd. Mate brought out revolvers to try to shoot one but were unsuccessful.

A number of Cape pigeons have been flying about the ship all day and swimming near the ship. Amused myself with feeding them bits of bread, and watching them swoop for a piece, sometimes two quarreling over it. It is funny to see them occasionally duck under water.

The sea is a deep green color to-day.

"Imago Christi" Stalker.

Finished reading Stalker's "Imago Christi" I enjoyed it very much but not uniformly. The Capt. has some queer ideas and is utterly unappreciative of some things, moreover whatever he asserts he states with the utmost confidence. This afternoon, he says to me "If you had as many dollars as I have looked twice at that chair, you'd be a rich man- well you would have to go into your pulpit again, now mind I'm tellin' ye."

All day it has been clear and beautiful but almost a dead calm at one time the ship not steering at all.

Saw the spouting of a whale several times in the distance, but not near enough to see the critter.

Toward night wind came up fair carrying us along in good shape.

This has been a great day- Read Dr. Stitchcock's sermon "Eternal Atonement" three times - studied it

Monday- April 30-

59 days.
160 mii.
Lat. 40°19
Lon. 57°15

Good breeze during night. Almost dark in cabin at 7 A.M. The days are getting considerably shorter.

4 P.M. brings us on soundings - 50 fathoms. Capt. tried to fish but in vain.

Made some more rail road repairs or bigger-ness.

A fog settled down upon us at night-fall. The first fog we have had. It was damp and chill. There is little shipping about us here, still the fog horn was brought out and kept tooting. It does not, I should think, amount to much: when blown on the forecastle head is hardly audible in the cabin.

"Alice Crowell." Harrison.

During the day until fog it has been much warmer than we had for some time.

The second month has gone by and that more quickly than the first and more quickly than I had expected. During the month we have gone 6.10 from about 20 South of Equator to 41° South. The weather like last month to been exceptionally clear, only one really stormy day. It to been gradually growing cooler. We have encountered several gales and one very severe squall off Rio del a Plata.

I do not recall but one slight approach to blueness and that soon disappeared.

I am getting better and better acquainted with the crew and find many things of interest in them. I do not think the Capt. quite likes it, but I cannot share his antipathy, I have no reason for doing so. I am careful in my relation to them which I desire to be always kindly but never familiar to the extent of gossiping with them. There is a lampooning of the Capt. "the old man, among the crew, but I refrain from participating.

There are always two bits of interest in every day, points of curiosity. The first is in the morning when I am always anxious to learn about the weather, the wind, the ship's speed, which Jack or all working and whatever there have been any other vessels seen. The second time in the day of interest is noon when I am anxious to know our latitude and longitude.

It is a new experience to have weeks and months go by with=out spending a cent of money.

Variety of occupation has opened up for me so that I manage to do a good deal of work about decks thus securing amusement and exercise. Boatswain O'Neil has been very kind to me in giving me jobs and showing me how to do them. Ship Chief diversion during the month has been rust scraping paint but making smoke of some kind or another.

I have not read quite so much but I have read much that has been interesting and helpful. Under each date my reading is in=dicated.

Mornings I am reading yet for devotional purposes the Psalms which I have nearly finished. Evenings, Mark and Luke.

I wish I could describe some of the sun=sets which I have viewed particularly the latter part of the months. The variety of shades of coloring and the beautiful effect is something to remember, (over) if I am unable to describe it.

My health I do not brood over, although I think of it occasionally with intense grati=tude that I am feeling so well. If my di=gestion were only better I should be in splendid trim.

It is becoming a more and more firm conviction of mine that this voyage was Providentially designed for spiritual blessing. I am hoping for it, praying for it, experienc=ing it. I hold these days as a sacred trust. They are meant to prepare me for ex=pulsions in the coming days.

I think of the home with affection and often wonder how they are and what they are doing, but the same restfulness about them that I have had all along continues. I hope that they are not worrying about me.

I also frequently think of the coming Fall and my return to work - not making any=thing like plans, but firmly believing that I shall have a word given me to do and with the word, the strength to do it. Again and again I say to myself "There is no more blessed or happy work to do in the world than the work of the ministry. It is wonder=fully sacred. It means always and ever complete consecration."

May - 1 - Tuesday -

60 days.
74 mi.
Lat. 42°29
Lon. 58°10 "

This is morning day in Newyork. I took been wondering for sometime whether to-day the home at 450 Park Ave. is broken up and if so when Lou they gone to live. I hope they Lou not moved. What would I not give to know.

This morning I had a good three hours work. First I did up the seneta that I made into shape like a new clothes line. Then with it and a serving block, I served two ~~two~~ lengths of cable what-you-may-call-em. O'Neil showed me how, and I did it all. Then I made two large grommets, spliced them and put thimbles in each. They make what are called bull-whangers and are used on the main yard.

We are still on soundings. It has been almost calm all day. Fished for a while but with no luck. Imagine fishing off the coast of Patagonia, for that is where we now are.

Then has been a coolness between Capt. and myself all day, for what reason I do not know. I believe that he is annoyed at me, but honestly I cannot think of any ground for it, unless it be my mingling with the sailors, and working on the main deck.

"A Fair Maid" - F. W. Robinson

Fog settles down on us a second night and fog-horn toots again. Went on deck about 9 P.M. - a raw, nasty, night.

Wednesday - May 2.

61 days.
78 mi.
Lat. 42°38 S.E.
Lon. 60°10 "

Thunder and lightning reported to bring all about last night and early this morning.

Capt. more agreeable at breakfast table, than he was yesterday.

Wrenched about deck. My hands are showing the effects, blistered and skinned and callouses, and blackened with tar and glazed with grease - but who cares. I am feeling stronger every day.

A ship to the Eastward bound the same way.

We have had a steady moderate wind, free, all day. It is cold and damp. 60° in cabin.

Capt. is positively ugly. I simply avoid him and am always courteous when I meet him.

She is much distressed by our bad chance and gives away to it like a small boy. - I have sometimes thought that he believed just a little bit in the old superstition of having a minister aboard, although he protests the contrary. This afternoon while looking at the ships in the distance, he remarked "I hope she hasn't a minister aboard too. If so we shall never get thru."

It was so damp and chill on deck that I stayed below from supper-time until bed-time. After supper put on an overcoat, for it is cool even below, and lit a cigar and had a very enjoyable evening. Capt. and his illustrious stayed on deck much to my satisfaction. First I read three chapters of "Reveries of a Bachelor". Then perhaps I reversed a bit. Then I wrote some in my note book. Then I read three more Dr. Hitchcock's sermons on "Who can forgive sins?" (It is grand and stimulating) Then I studied the Canadian Pacific R. R. maps and then I went to bed.

Capt. came below somewhat mellowed and remarked that he wished he had been born rich instead of handsome. He still more warmed up and told me what a great sinner he was. Once when he was a boy before the mast, on a Sunday morning after washing down the decks, he cut out a pair of trousers, and made them, sold them for 1.50 and they were worn ashore by the purchaser the afternoon of that same day. - Marvellous exploit.

Thursday - May 3 -

62 days.
120 mi.
Lat. 44°24 N.
Lon. 61°13 "

Fog all about us this am. Lifting a little forward noon. Cold and raw. Fire started in cabin. Man on lookout. Fog horn blowing at intervals. One toot means starboard tack: two, port; three running before the wind; four in small open boat. Starboard tack right away.

A chilly, disagreeable, day throughout settling into fog again at night.

Worked a bit in carpenter shop, scraping paint and talking to "Chips". He wanted to know if I knew anything about the Christadelphians. I did not but it opened up a bit of conversation. Started a new kind of bagger-mind. The

thrums are strung on three strands instead of two.

Capt. is ugly as sin. He quarrelled with the mate to-day. I find him getting more and more disagreeable to me, although to do him justice I do not think that he means to be. I am independent of him for entertainment and companionship - still I am anxious to do the right thing by him.

Friday - May 4.

63 days.
174 mi.
Lat. 47° SR.
Lon. 63° "

This morning opens up with heavy fog and rain, making it chilly and uncomfortable. The ice so much talk yesterday when I asked for a fire that I have made up my mind to say nothing to-day altho' it is 56° in the cabin.

This is the fourth day without getting a sight. We are somewhere off the coast of Patagonia, but just where is a matter of dead reckoning. It will be nice to see the sun again and a satisfaction to learn our whereabouts.

— Passed 80 mi. from mainland.

Capt. mellows up considerably. So the oil stove brought out and we are quite comfortable indoors.

Fog and rain all day and an uncertainty as to our exact locality. We are running before the wind and averaging 6 or 7 knots. Capt. I suspect is getting a bit anxious to see the sun. We are approaching the Falkland Islands. If we do not get a reckoning soon we shall be obliged to lie to and wait until fog lifts.

The fog "scales" is the correct expression.

Hayes below most of day reading occasional short excursions out into the drizzle. Passed the forenoon watch a bit with the lookout.

Saturday - May 5.

64 days.
115 mi.
Lat. 49° 05
Lon. 64° SR.

Lay awake last night until nearly one o'clock. It seemed as though the fountains of thought were fully turned on. I had been reading for a message and the message came. Kept awake partly by noise of Capt. coming out to mate.

They sounded two or three times during the night and found it about 40 fathoms.

Capt. thinks fog worse than a gale and says

Capt's good humour all back again.

a penguin on deck early this am. but I did not see it.

Saw albatross near ship.

that if fog lifts he will never complain of winds. I believe Capt. is a bit nervous.

There is the best sign of wind I have heard yet. When the clock ticks loud - Fair wind sure.

Yesterday I gave Steward my old mackintosh. He grunted and said "Thanks Sir, I think of you, long time."

Carpenter has made a swinging arrangement for the oil-store in cabin. It is a curious device.

It has been foggy and rainy nearly all day - at noon it lifted so as to afford a very good sight for which we are thankful. We are getting down into a bad place - Many ships are lost on Falkland Is.

Capt. is getting thoroughly genial and good natured. We had quite a yarn during the evening.

Presides at slop-chest.

Have been reading by installments over a cigar, The Reveries of a Bachelor which I finished this evening.

" Reveries of a Bachelor - Mitchell.

" Living or Dead " - Conway.

We are between 72 and 73 days behind last voyage. This time last voyage the Hyde was about 40° S. on other side.

Sunday - May 6 -

65 days - 100 mi. Lat. 50°35 Lon. 64°40

Fog still about us, closing down and scaling - a bit of sun occasionally.

My Sabbath morning service has been uninterrupted one - The third of Dr. Hitchcock's sermons is the sermon for the day. " Religion the doing of God's will."

During the night we reached our second goal and passed into the third stage of the voyage. 50° S. and long. about 65° W. was our second goal.

Winds shifting to the southward makes it a little colder - but now that we have a few days of it, I do not imagine that the cold will be very distressing.

Somewhere in this vicinity is supposed to be a rock, Eagle Rock (L'aigle Rock) Its exact location is not known. The chart gives two reported locations some miles apart. Some captains claim to have seen it, but their reckoning has been faulty as that others have not found it in the reported places. Capt. says that the newer charts omit it.

We are using now an enlarged chart of the

" Voices of the Night " - Longfellow. also Earlier Poems.

So. coast of So. America - so. of lat. 52. Things are getting particularly interesting. We ought to get several glimpses of land. Capt. wants to see Cape St. John in order to test Chronometers.

Read capt. a Chapter in Dombey & Son. Dipped myself into Longfellow a bit. I find that it is inadvisable to limit one's Sunday reading to religious reading, for two reasons. 1- When a good deal is read the thoughts get confused and consequently do not stick in the mind so well, do not get so well digested. 2- Too much reading of this kind sets me to thinking somilatically and so, often, keeps me awake at night.

With a few exceptions, I could not have packed up a lot of books which would give me so much satisfaction as those which I have.

I find myself somewhat selfishly inclined these days. I suppose I am thinking of the work ahead and have a feeling that I should like to anticipate it a bit.

Took for my copy of Ben Hur - I say my copy - it to the name of Hoffman in it.

We have been on soundings all day 70 & 60 fathoms.

Capt quite shocked me by insisting in good faith as an illustration of what we were discussing, that if I knew of a good church without a Pastor and paying $10000. a year, it would be a perfectly proper thing for me in order to bribe myself to offer money to secure the place. Such a gross conception of the ministry is terrible - and the worst of it is that should I state to him my conception of the ministry as a call of God, it would be speaking in an unknown tongue to him.

Monday - May 4.

66 days.
118 mi.
Lat. 52°37
Lon. 64°57

Little wind last evening but about 1 A.M. good fair wind sprang up.

Fog has sealed giving us clear weather and affording us good sights. It is cold enough for mittens. The sky looks wintry - Daylight is very short. The wind is heavy so that we are under shortened sail.

Passed within 30 miles of the Falkland Is. Straits of Magellan to the west. Steamers here thought they straighten.

We are heading for Cape St. John and the idea is to round it tomorrow by daylight although with this wind we could easily do it before. It is only 136 miles from where we stood at noon to-day and we are making 10 knots.

Between Staten Island and Terra del Fuego are the straits of Le Maire. Vessels often go

through but the danger is of calms, the current being very strong. So our course lies outside the island. Shore is bold.

All the region round about here including Islands and Patagonia is divided between Chile and Argentine Republic. Staten Island has a light-house at Cape St. John, provided by the Argentine government in order to hold possession. Capt. says it is nothing but a lightening-bug.

The Falkland Is. (Eng.) are chiefly interested in cattle producing. It is said that it is unnecessary to house cattle any time during the year.

Too cold to do much out-of-doors except work the decks. This I did to my heart's content. Made a couple of samples of sennit to take home with me, for exhibition.

Reading Martin Chuzzlewit.

Tuesday - May 8.

67 days - 1145 mi. Lat. 55°00 SR. Lon. 63°10 WR.

Very little sleep for me last night. Capt. did not remove his clothes. It was not for anxiety that I lay awake, but the disturbance below and on deck forbade slumber. The Capt. every little while called out to one of the mates and vice versa. It blew very hard at times and the sea was heavy. We did some miscellaneous packing.

At breakfast time we are not so very far from Cape St. John if reckoning is correct. Capt. says the day is nasty. He caught a sea which standing on after part of quarter deck. It is thick and looks stormy.

Passed about 13 miles to East of Cape St. John but so thick and cloudy that we caught no glimpse of land. For this I am much disappointed. So is Capt. and quite chagrined too, that he calculated to make land and fails. We were carried too far East.

No sun, no sights. Off St. John a very hard sea, frequently striking hard on quarter deck and back washing down into the cabin through the skylight. This aft. it blew very hard and we carried short sail - but it moderated during afternoon, rain and drizzle setting in. Two ships reported to the Windward N.W. making same direction.

We are now headed for the storm which we ought to round 70- westward if winds are pro-pitious.

Ice water and took off my gloves I stood on

"Top of house" not cabin roof.

cabin roof for sometime this morning trying with glass to see some indication of land. Heavy sea drove me below where I interviewed sandbread and jelly.

A good nap used up the greater part of the afternoon. And now it is evening and I am writing this, and reading.

Capt. is on deck. I imagine that this part of our journey calls for sound navigation.

Wednesday - May 9.

68 days.
60 mi.
Lat. 56°14
Lon. 63°00

We have been pitching and rolling all night long. The wind has been blowing hard. We are well started on our venture of going around Cape Horn.

Wind comes out ahead and this morning we are sailing S.S.E. - Clouds are breaking so that we shall probably get the sun.

Noon finds us way to the Eastward, not even in the longitude of Cape St. Johns. We are bring headed off for the storm.

Snow squalls - wind squalls and hail squalls with heavy wind and heavy sea, the order of the day. Cold - daylight very short.

Current, wind and sea all against us and we are able to carry very little sail.

Two ships passed us going E. One came so close to our stern that the two Captains exchanged greetings. She is the Channes of Newport - Capt. Holmes. A pretty sight to see her going under full sail, for she was before the wind.

"Translations" Longfellow.

It is difficult to settle down to anything these stormy days - The ships being restless makes me restless too. I am on deck a good deal - short bits at a time. I read some. Sit before the open fire.

It is difficult to get sufficient exercise.

Thursday - May 10.

69 days.
75 mi.
Lat. 55°27
Lon. 64°52

To-day begins as yesterday did. Through the night we have been pitching and rolling. This morning I can hardly write the ship lurches so. My bath this morning was under many difficulties, the way I was pitched

around the work-room was a cauldron.
Last night one of the quarter-masters was thrown over the wheel and is laid up.
Squalls all day; several very heavy ones with snow. Heavy wind and sea.

Current of 1½ knots to E.

We have commenced the process of beating around Cape Horn. We have been one two tacks to-day. The wind is dead ahead. It looks as if it might be a seige of it. Still we manage to keep comfortable below, in spite of howling gales and heavy sea. I am more thoroughly used to it. It does not disturb me a bit except in the way of general inconvenience at table particularly.
Saw the S.W. end of Staten Land, but the vision was too shadowy and cloud-like to afford me much satisfaction. Such a glimpse of land does not count.
Managed to do some working - also some reading. Capt. has pressed me into service to read to him Doubby and Sons.
Read another of Dr. Hitchcock's sermons, "The Secret Things of God" This reading of a sermon on a week-day, constitutes a sort of mid-week service.
The heaviest sea that I have seen the Hyde ships was this morning. It is was a dandy.
My jottings are present a curious medley passing from one topic to another and back again without any regard to system. But then these are only for my eyes and I guess I can make something out of them at a later reading.
I must record the thoroughness and thoughtfulness of the steward. I think he is the most little old Chinaman imaginable. "I no more foolish, I savee" my moves" he says.

Friday - 70 days. 67 mi. Lat. 56°25 SR. Lon. 64°20 OR.

May 11.

We are working and have been working all day a S. course (about), in the hope of some day getting a westerly slant that will carry us around the Cape. Some vessels have been weeks in rounding the Horn. One ship within this year gave it up in despair and made the voyage around Good Hope instead. We ought not to complain if we are delayed a few days but rather should be thankful that it is no longer.
The weather has not been so stormy as yesterday

My jar of preserved ginger upon which I have been making 11 ans. lunches - Too disap= =peared - Alas!

but otherwise much the same, cold, considerable sea, wind too strong to carry much sail.

Exercised on deck a good deal. Amused myself trying to catch cape pigeons. There was a large numbers about the ship. The Mate caught two for me and I let them go. I have thought that if I could get them skinned I would take two or three home. But I hate to do it. It seems a pity to kill such pretty creatures.

Ships position, bound N.E.

Beautiful star-light night, with a moon about five days old.

Read some Longfellow & Martin Chuzzlewit. There is a trial which I have to pass these days. There is but one place warm enough to read in and that is the cabin. The Capt. is below a great deal. He has no consideration whatever. It is almost impossible to read when he is around.

I am wearing most of the time a cap - of neatest spunned by the little lad. It is a white one with black lines and in contrast with a blue flannel shirt is quite a bit of elegance.

Had a nice little chat with Owen and our Quarter-master. I love that always seem very ready to introduce religion into the line of conversation I have had with the seamen, but whenever and wherever I can do so. I talk about the advantage of steady, sober living - of settling down and having a home. The Sailor's life is a hard one and he deserves a great deal of sympathy. It is pretty small business this standing aloof and saying that they make it hard themselves. True enough, but how often could it be said of things in our experience "It is your own fault" - and how prone we are to think of coarse sins as more heinous than refined wickedness.

Saturday - May 12.

71 days.
50 mi.
Lat. 56°55' S.
Lon. 65°30' W.

Rainy - warmer - Fair wind (N.E.) permitting nearly all sail. Making a Westerly course from 9 A.M. Forward night, wind heads off a point or two. We are making dead reckoning so that it is difficult to say just where we are at this time when it would be very interesting to know. According to the log we ought to have passed the longitude of Cape Horn (about 80 miles S. of it) sometime during the early evening. This means also that

we have passed from the So. Atlantic into the So. Pacific. Of course it is possible that we may be driven back again, but we hope not.

Cape Horn is an Storm Island one of the Hermite Islands. It is in lat. Inde 55°59' S. West of it and further north is a cape called False Cape Horn.

Spent the day reading the deck and reading. Passed a little time in the Carpenter Shop.

Presided at slop-chest - Business not good.

This afternoon while reading on the Forecastle Head I discovered a school of porpoises. There were a good many swimming about the bow. Got some of sailors together. Boatswain O'Neil harpooned one but it got away before the men could haul it in, and then the whole school left us.

We are about 28 days behind the last voyage.

Sunday - May 12.

72 days.
140 mi.
Lat. 57°49
Lon. 69°22

So dark at breakfast time that we had to eat by lamplight.

Commenced to blow early this morning so that we are carrying little sail. Wind heading us off. We have been going about due S. all day - more than we care for, but the hope is that the wind may change. It has been rainy most all day but it was sunny enough to afford two pretty fair sights that made the reckoning not quite dead reckoning.

Held a little church service by myself under favorable auspicies. Capt. was taking a bath and I shut myself in my stateroom and managed to secure quiet. The sermon which I read was from Dr. Hitchcock - "From blindness to vision" Selected several familiar hymns - but got stranded when I started out on "We are out on the ocean sailing."

Read a little in Dr. Strong's "New Era" - also some from Longfellow. "The Children's Hour" "The Lord's Supper" is a beautiful piece. I expect to read it again to-night.

"Ballads & Other Poems." "Poems on Slavery" Longfellow.

Going on deck this afternoon, I found the Mate observing the Sabbath, and I broke the Sabbath by watching him. He was catching Cape Pigeons with black shoe thread. Had caught four. There were large numbers swimming around the ship.

After tea this evening Capt. got off a long tirade against foreign missionaries. He practically called them frauds who do more harm than good. They go he says because they are no good at home and wish to gain notoriety.

How little the poor Capt. knows of the subject with which he has been dealing. I did not discuss it, seeing that it was utterly useless. I merely stated that I did not agree with him.

I have a suspicion that my face is getting fat - wouldn't it be a joke if they should say when I reached home "Why how you have changed!"

The Diego Ramirez Is. are N of us, perhaps N.N.E. - They bear S.W. of the storm. Sometimes vessels go between them and the mainland. Capt did this last voyage and was becalmed. So we are hoping until S., perhaps time we are forced S. and S. we have been going all day.

Monday - May 13th

73 days
30 mi.
Lat. 58° 14
Lon. 70° 8

about 10 o'clock last night we were struck by a gale and it blew furiously. The Capt. thinks the worst blow that we have had. The "old hooker" danced the hornpipe nearly all night and I got little sleep.

About 7 o'clock this morning the wind changed to a more favorable quarter. We have reached in Southern some little distance below 58° - It is not very cold - but the days are very short.

Good wind all day but at night fell it moderated almost to a calm. Clear nice weather - beautiful evening.

Vessel seen on port quarter this aft. thought to be gaining on us - but it dropped out of sight.

Exercised, read, plaited a little sennit, slept and so the day passed. I shall be glad when we get into good out-of-doors weather.

"Martin Chuzzlewit." Dickens.

Have started to spend one hour a day homiletically, not in any austere manner but still with the desire to accomplish something. How long it will last I cannot say.

At bed-time about calm with a rolling, rocking sea.

Tuesday - May 14

74 days
125 mi.
Lat. 57° 41
Lon. 73° 42.

We have been making 11 knots an hour since 10 A.M. until 8 P.M. It has been blowing strong and there has been a heavy head sea.

The vessel seen yesterday crawled up on us during the night so that she was in full view here, astern, this morning when I went on deck. It has been very interesting, quite like a race, for all day long she has kept about

Ship are probably having fine weather at home, and in the country the blossoms are out.

the same distance from Iles. At one time she seemed to gain, at another to lose a little but on the whole, the Capt. even was obliged to admit, much to his chagrin, that at nightfall she was gaining a little on us. She is thought to be an English iron ship.

"The Peaceful Student" Longfellow.

One cannot do much in such weather as this. even the sailors do little or nothing except when changing sail is required.

While writing this, I heard the fog horn tooting. We had hoped to have no more fog for many a day.

It is cold and drizzly - I shall be glad when we begin to push our noses Northward.

It is hardly light enough to read at 8 P.M. and it gets dark again about 4 o'clock in the afternoon or perhaps a bit later.

Wednesday - May 16.

75 Days.
150 mi.
Lat. 57°10
Lon. 77°50

Nice weather - good breeze but head wind. We tacked to Southward at noon. It is really going away from destination. I think that Capt. is sorry he did it. 7 P.M. we took the Northerly tack.

Vessel seen yesterday was in sight again to-day, but this afternoon disappeared from view.

I am getting a wee bit tired of these days when on account of the weather there is so little active employment. Amused myself angling for cape pigeons - caught one and let him go - ~~tackle~~ snared another but it made away with my tackle. The tackle consists merely of black shoe thread with a stick on the end of it.

Read Dr. Hitchcock's Sermon "The Distinctive Features of Christianity." It was delivered at the installation of Dr. Parkhurst in the Madison Square Church. On this account it interested me but I do not think that it comes up to the other sermons.

"Won by Waiting" Lyall.

Just at bed-time the wind came up and gave us a fair slant.

Read 2 or a couple of Chapters of Sunday & Son to the Capt.

Thursday - May 17.

76 days.
100 mi.
Lat. 56° 01
Lon. 80° 21

About 3 o'clock this morning it commenced to blow hard and the vessel began to roll so as to make sleep impossible for me. A number of hard snow squalls. Such has been the weather all day. A bit of sunshine and then a squall - blowing hard and very sea.

4 P.M. it increased to gale - sail shortened. Waves and spray dashed over ship. One was struck by pretty heavy sea. How much sent I have not learned. It was for the crew very much like surf bathing. Pulling on the halyards, all hands, they beat through their song, solo and chorus, every now and then a bit of sea dashing over them.

We have been working northerly for which I am glad. The latitude of Cape Horn is passed so that we are truly around the Cape.

Capt. had his old clothes sold to the sailors at auction, and realized $9.50

Mary began reading "Vanity Fair."

I should like to see this morning's N.Y. Tribune, or last week's would do, yes, or even last months I should not despise.

About this time the Union Students have applied to N.Y. Presbytery. What is the result? How I should like to follow the proceedings of the General Assembly which must be in session in a few days!

Friday - May 18.

77 days.
110 mi.
Lat. 54° 12
Lon. 80° 38

All night long, heavy wind and sea. Little sleep on account of rolling.

All through day bad weather - squall after squall. At bad time the sea was about as heavy as we have had.

A number of the seamen begin to have ailments of one sort or another, bruises from being battered about - Some cases are fictitious. "Cape Fever" something like "Spring Fever" of college days.

The crew has really had an unusually trying time of it. All hands have been called out but a few times. Often it is a matter of continued changing of sail. Some voyages, pretty severe work.

Saturday - May 19 -

78 Days.
200 mi.
Lat. 5°17
Lon. 83°00

A bad night. Frequent snow squalls. rough weather. It is a wonder that a ship made of so many pieces of timber, manages to keep together, with the constant straining. The Hyde rides the sea beautifully. She is pronounced by the seamen as a very dry ship.

Heavy weather all day, but the ship is making 11 knots an hour in the right direction. She is carrying a good deal of sail for the wind and sea we are having.

It is sport to stand on deck and watch the sea come over on to the main deck. The spray sometimes sweeps almost the entire ship. Occasionally, even though aft on the quarter deck I would catch a little water.

We have passed the Western end of the Straits of Magellan. Usually rain in this vicinity. We got some bad squalls.

The country to the East now formerly Patagonia belongs to Chile. It is one mass of islands. The Eastern part of Patagonia belongs now to Argentine.

About the time I am writing this we are crossing 50° S. in So. Pacific. This the third point in our voyage and one which makes us feel that we are on the home stretch. The next Point to look forward to is the Line again.

It has taken us 13½ Days to go from 50° to 50°. according to the Captain the best time the Hyde has ever made. It has been done in 6 days.

We have caught up a few days on last voyage being now 20 days behind.

Steward wanted to bet me a new hat on the time it would take us to reach San Francisco. I did not take him up. — He has shortened my old mackintosh and now appears in it to make his journeys to the galley.

"The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems"
Longfellow

Capt. is unusually amiable. He has the toothache so goes very little on deck.

Took time off Chronometer while Capt. took sight this am.

Pressed it stop - Start as usual.

Read the "Old Clock on the Stairs". It reminded me of the clock on the stairs in the Plumdell's house in Pittsfield which is said to be the one which Longfellow wrote.

We have the satisfaction now of thinking that we are making toward good weather — continuous good weather now it ought to be to our journey's end. Six or seven weeks will probably bring us to San Francisco.

Sunday - May 20.

79 days.

261 mii.
Lat. 47°17
Lon. 86°15

Best days run so far.

A nice day - moderating sufficiently to permit more sail but with wind enough to make us go 11 knots an hour and even 12 - It is also getting warmer and the days longer. We have left the hard part of our journey behind us -

My solitary Sabbath service I held as usual, reading still from Dr. Hitchcock, - to-day "The Law of Service."

So many thoughts have begun to crowd in upon me in relation to the church work which I hope soon to resume, that I have started to jot them down in my note book. Never before have I taken so much pleasure in writing, in expressing thoughts in that form. I hope that it is an indication that serious writing will gradually come easier to me.

"Evangeline" Longfellow

Read "Evangeline" and enjoyed it immensely. The story is so beautifully told. The Chapters in the "New Era". "The Mission of the Church" is quite a stirring one. It is calculated to set a man thinking. Some quotations from Dr. Parkhurst of course interested me greatly.

Monday - May 21.

80 days.

236 mii.
Lat. 43°30 N.
Lon. 87°50 W.

It has moderated still more. We are however pursuing our course. Cloudy all day. Managed a little more exercise than usual. Picked up some information of nautical matters from second mate. It gave me quite a lesson.

Few of the seamen are suffering from sore mouth and sore throat. I wonder what the trouble is.

Steward told me somethings about his home in China, where he has a farm. He is married and has two children. His religion is Buddhism. "I no go church, when I home."

Tuesday - May 22.

81 days.

100 mii.
Lat. 41°50
Lon. 88°20 W.

Clouded over all day - Little wind until toward night when it began to breeze and increase with rain.

Returned to the making of sweat - The weather is warm enough for work on deck -

Made a little chart of Cape Horn and vicinity, showing our course in going from 50° to 50° -

Quite appropriate was Longfellow's "Building of the ship" which I read this evening.
My singing is below par but I managed to time up as I paced the deck this evening for a constitutional, and sing some College & Alpha Delta Phi songs.

Wednesday - May 23.

82 days.
180 mil.
Lat. 40°00 SR.
Lon. 90°00 SR.

During the night storm increased. About 8am. it was at its worst - Heavy sea. I think the heaviest we have encountered. Once it came down upon cabin as if it would carry every thing away. Some of it came down through sky lights into the cabin. How it did blow, and how she did roll. All hands called out - most of the sails furled. Capt. & Steward up and around cabin. Little sleep for us B. - The blind of the Second Mates windows was smashed in. The quarter-master says that the sea came into the wheelhouse up to his knees.

Moderated and rained all day long - sometimes a genuine down pour. I appeared on deck in Capt.'s oil skin coat & sou-wester from the slop chest.

about dark it came on to blow again - blew pretty hard. all hands out to furl sail - Sea busy - Chain in mizzen-rigging parted and fell on deck damaging the Capt's gig quite seriously -

"Vanity Fair" Thackeray

Finished "Vanity Fair" - interested in it - but must admit that I believe in a larger proportion of good in the midst of sham, hypocrisy and deceit.

Thursday - May 24.

83 days.
130 mil.
Lat. 38°00
Lon. 91°00

A moderate, medium, day in every respect, which has passed away pleasantly enough. If I did not believe that there is benefit and blessing in these days, a preparation for coming usefulness, I should feel as though I were merely killing time, and should begrudge the time lost. But it is not time lost.

"a deplorable affair" Wm. Morris.

The weather is not sufficiently settled to make out-of-doors work agreeable. I shall be glad when it is warm enough to sit out-of-doors.

"a deadly dilemma" Grant Allen.

Toothache and Sarcasm have bothered me to-day for the first time - at sea.
I find it very difficult to carry out a purpose or follow a system on board ship aside from the natural routine of ship life. If I appoint

a certain hours in the day for study, somehow that hour and I fail to become connections.
I wonder how things are at home.

Friday - May 25.

8th days.
75 mi.
Lat. 36°47
Lon. 91°20

Little wind and little progress. My face has been troubling me a good deal. It is swollen around the tooth. I hope I am not going to have serious trouble.
Spent nearly the entire morning trying with the Capt. to secure cape pigeons. They were too smart for us and Capt. gave it up. But finally I managed to catch two. One I let go, the other I delivered over to the Boatswain O'Neil to stuff and stuff, but the feathers were so soiled I decided not to do it.
Two albatrosses about the ship. Made the attempt to angle for one but without success.
Made considerable headway.
Have started the "Fair God". Finished "The New Era" and dipped a bit into Longfellow.
The Capt. was telling me this morning about elephants in India. He says that he has seen elephants work like men in piling timber, hour after hour and when the bell strikes for dinner they stop work until the dinner hour is over. He has seen them in two take up long squared logs of teak, six feet long, carry it to the spot where they were to place it, and then put it upon the pile, straight and plumb. — If an elephant kills a man they kill the elephant as it would not be safe to have him about.

"The New Era"
Jewish Story
"Seaside & Fireside"
Longfellow.
Saw a moose first one.

Saturday - May 26.

85 days.
90 mi.
Lat. 35°30
Lon. 91°50

Rainy most of the day. Bad weather for face-ache and bones-ache. Did little but loaf to-day. In fact it is the hardest thing to settle down to anything. I have about made up my mind to vegetate. I am growing fat - just a little fat so I suppose I ought to count that as something gained.
Commenced to read "Youth" by Leagues.
To-day is Father's birthday. I wish I knew if he were well.

18 days between last voyage.

Sunday – May 27.

86 days.
155 mi.
Lat. 33° 16
Lon. 89° 40

There are some jottings which do not belong to any date in particular that I may as well put down here before I forget it.

Capt. tells me that the theory which explains the ease with which the elephant is controlled is that the structure of the elephant's eye is such that a man seems to it larger than it is. The truth of this I would not vouch for but if true it is interesting.

The ship's decks are washed down with salt water even after a drenching rain. The purpose is not merely cleaning but preserving.

When the rigging broke the other night one end of wire cable, 3/4 in. thick, was twisted by wind and strain into a regular, even, knot, shape of a figure eight. Boatswain showed me the broken piece.

The days are rapidly getting longer and warmer.

Our course during the past night has been unfortunately giving us Eastern instead of Western.

To-day has been a beautiful day – a stiff breeze keeping us in the same course as during the night. Temp. mild –

My devotions were disturbed this morning by the sounds of a row. I refrained, perhaps strange to say, from going on deck. I look us relish for such rows and the Capt. always seems to me unjust in his judgements so that I get out of patience with him. Learning later some of the particulars, the account runs that Boatswain O'Neil struck the Chinese cook on the head with an iron bar and "split his head." The Boatswain says that the cook drew a knife on him. I do not know the truth. Capt. does but he knows everything. He blames the Boatswain and excuses the cook. I heard him say to the Boatswain that he would not risque his life, that the cook would probably kill him, if not on board ship, then when they went ashore. I purposely refrained from discussing the matter with Capt. although he several times introduced the subject. It is useless to discuss anything with him.

Capt has taken a strong prejudice against Boatswain O'Neil.

On account of yesterday's rain, the wash was hung on the clothes line – not very proper for Sunday.

At my little home Sabbath service read Dr. Hitchcock's sermon "Life through death" –

This afternoon started a letter home. It was real pleasant to write to them – the next best thing to seeing them or hearing from them.

Troubled with sore throat all day.

To-day we passed the latitude of Mas-a-Tierra Is. and Juan Fernandez - the former about 420 mi, the latter about 500 to the E. Capt. Tells me that excursions go in summer from Valparaiso which is about the same latitude to Juan Fernandez. What would Robinson Crusoe think of this?

Monday - May 28 -

87 days -
703 mi.
Lat. 30°53
Lon. 87°06.

We are surely reaching better weather. To-day has been a beautiful day and this morning a perfect morning. The stars are very bright and in the southern hemisphere the nights are not very dark.

We have had a good breeze all day. It has forced us a point or two better than yesterday.

Busied myself with 3 strand sennit - bagger rig.

Hardy ministerial visit to see me hanging out the wash on the clothes line, but all sorts of honest employment are desirable.

The Cape pigeons seem to have left us all at once.

Have not smoked to-day and am thinking of giving it up altogether. I shall make no fresh resolutions - Smoking is certainly a great enjoyment and comfort especially when one is prevented by bad weather from out-of-door life. It is more especially so when one feels the loneliness of not having congenial company. I do not condemn the weed, still I think it better to give it up.

We have not seen a vessel for nearly two weeks.

The programme of all hands on deck from 4 to 5 30 p.m. resumed to-day. New sails must come down as soon as they are dry and old ones put up.

Spent a little while all alone on the bow looking ahead. It is the choicest spot aboard ship.

Tuesday - May 29.

88 days.
160 mi.
Lat. 28°34
Lon. 85°20

A beautiful day with not much wind, just enough to keep the sails full and make the surface of the water ripples. This is the first day on the side of the Cape sufficiently balmy to permit sitting out on deck. It seems good to live out doors - when not active, then to lie back in a chair and read or dream. The sunset to-night was peculiar

in its coloring. There was a depth of color both red and purple that I do not remember seeing before.

The sailors have been busy making ready and putting on the ships old clothes for light weather.

I worked around, scraping paint in the carpenter shop, painting, reading music and loafing.

I find it more and more difficult to be agreeable to the Capt. He is just evenly repugnant to me. I know it is not right that I should let it be so, but I do struggle hard for self-control and to be courteous and kind in all of my relations with him. To do the man justice, I believe that he means to be all that is kind and generous, and in fact he is so in many ways. The two things in him that constantly grate upon me are his pompous windy egotism and his sensuality. He is the fly in my ointment.

We are looking now for the S. E. trades which we ought to get now or most any time.

I find it next to impossible to buckle down to any definite sermon work and preparation and I am coming to believe that such is not devotion but rather mistaken zeal. General work and preparation that are not tied down to the sphere of some one particular sermon are better. "Youth" I find stimulating.

Wednesday - May 30.

89 days.
176 mi.
Lat. 26°28
Lon. 85°40

A good steady wind, easterly and getting into the S.E. It really looks as if we had gotten the trades. If so we are in luck. It puts my stateroom on the lee side which is very comfortable and nice. Noises about the ship are disturbing me less and less so that I sleep much better nights.

Pursue the same round of occupation and diversion as usual. Watch the carpenter repair the Capt.'s boat that was damaged the other day.

The cook has a cold and crows very hoarsely.

Gradually the ship is being made ready for fresh paint and for.

To the E. of us lie two islands, mostly rock, St. Felix and St. Ambrose. - about 300 miles.

"The Fair God" -
Lew Wallace.

Thursday - May 31.

90 days.
200 mi.
Lat. 23°29
Lon. 87°35

A good day of steady sailing which would seem to indicate the Trades. We have passed the tropic of Cancer and are within the tropics once more. I am wearing winter flannels and cardigan jacket without feeling too warm, so the climate is fairly tropical yet. Of course the strong breezes from the South make the temperature pleasantly cool.

Loafed about the carpenter shop most all day, whittling and watching the carpenter at work. Read some.

Steward cut my hair again - a funny operation. He has made sad havoc with it. The barber in San Francisco, to whom I go will have a good laugh over it.

During May we have come up from 24 days behind last voyage to only 14 days behind.

Well another month has gone and passed quite quickly. Five ought to be only about one month more but I am afraid that we shall run well into July before reaching port.

During May we have come a good distance. On May 1 we were in 41°29 S. Atlantic, on May 31 - 41 23°29 So. Pacific having rounded Cape Horn. We have had all sorts of weather:- Fog off the Falkland Is. heavy wind and sea - and a great deal of cloudy weather and rain. The temperature has changed from warm to colder and then back again to warmer. While it has not registered very low at any time since the weather has been keen and penetrating.

The passage from 50° to 50° we made in 13½ days, the Hydes best record. It was not so bad getting around the Horn as I expected it would be, still we had rough weather enough.

We have seen during the month very few ships - none for the last two weeks.

Cape pigeons have been with us most of the time but very few albatrosses, I can count up only six that I saw.

A good deal of time spent below on account of cold and storm. It makes too close company with the Captain. We have passed through all sorts of moods.

On account of not being about ship so much I have not mingled with the sailors as last month. I wish I had the freedom to go about and do and say as I please within the bounds of propriety and reason. But the Capt. dogs my footsteps so and listens about and then we have a reason in which he is glum or

discussion that is not very profitable.
My occupations this month have not been very exciting. Reading awake and loafing about the carpenters shop.
Read some good reading - I have enjoyed Longfellow.
Mornings I have been reading in Ps. Prov. Eccles. Cant. and Is. In the evening Lt. John and acts.
Attempted some definite scientific work but with little success.
This has been a month ashore in which has been going on much of interest to me. Union Seminary has sent its quota of men to Presbytery, with what results? - I wish I knew. The General assembly has met and separated. Would a record of proceedings be good reading? Very likely much has been done by Dr. Parkhurst in municipal reform.
Coal May is over - and I am glad to get into warmer, out-of-door, weather. Now that I begin to look ahead and to see that we are on the final stretch, there is just a bit of impatience. I am not quite contented. I am profoundly grateful for all that the voyage is bringing me, and it undoubtedly is giving me health and strength. But I shall not be sorry when my sight the Golden Gate, when I for last lands upon the letters and papers from home, when I for I turned my face eastward and started across country.

Friday - June 1.

91 Days - 180 mi. Lat. 20°41 Lon. OR.

Clouded over - such as it generally is in the trades - wind blowing nicely - we are doing first rate.
To think that it is really June, it seems hardly possible that the time has gone so quickly and yet I am on the whole glad that we are in our last quarter.
Worked about, loafed about, & read as usual. There is little or nothing out of the regular routine these days - but I manage to take a lazy comfort in it.

Saturday - June 2.

93 days.
240 mi.
Lat. 18° 06
Lon. 92° 15

Good trades, stiffening up a little toward night. Nice weather but not so warm as I had expected. We shall probably have sufficient warm weather though before we get through with it.

Thirteen days behind last voyage - we are gaining a little each week.

Indigestion has been my great enemy this past week. I speak of it because I think that if I could get my digestion into first class condition, I could say that I am well and strong.

Three white birds flew past in the distance. All I can learn about them is that they are called Boatswain Birds.

"The Song of Hiawatha" Longfellow.

Capt. is quite mellow. He thinks that he exercises great control over his temper - well, he deserves credit for thinking about it and trying to control it.

Business at slop - shirt very poor - only two customers - "Time Lord" says steward.

"Joe" tells me that he shipped simply for the sake of getting to California. He is seeking his fortune. I wish I could be of some service - He seems to be a promising lad.

The dipper is again in view - Before long we shall see the North star again.

Sunday - June 3 -

93 days.
220 mi.
Lat. 16° 00
Lon. 95° 16

A beautiful day - not warm yet, but sufficiently balmy to sit on deck. This has been a real Sabbath. On top of the house in the rear of the mizzen mast, I spent an hour and a half of quiet and worship - No interruptions, no distraction, everything calculated to make the spirit of man look up and out toward higher and better things. The sermon was one with a strong pertinent lesson - Dr. Hitchcock's "Cost of Service." Every thing that is worth anything costs somebody all that it is worth.

The trades have been pushing us along - We did not cross 15° S to-day as I had hoped but we came within one degree of it. The amount of Westing we are making lessens our northing.

Wrote a second installment of my letter home.

Had a talk with Boatswain O'Neil, sitting on the forecastle head. I asked God this morning to give me to-day some little opportunity for service, if only to say a helpful word [illegible] and without any desiring on my part the opportunity

came.
The stars are very bright to-nights, but it clouds over occasionally and we lose a bit of a squall.
Read a little in "Youth" - I may be stupid and probably am but to me it seems in places unnecessarily obscure; and while I appreciate much that the author says both of sea and its remedy, still the book does not to my mind seem to quite fit the state of things in America, at least so I am aware of ~~them~~ it.
Enjoy Longfellow very much. I think his strength lies in ballad.

"The Courtships of Miles Standish" Longfellow

Monday - June 4.
94 days.
180 mi.
Lat. 12°09
Lon. 97°56

Still moving along nicely. Our course has in it a little more western than northern. On account of my chronic weakness of digestion I had to lie by and keep quiet most all day - Managed to construct a flannel belly band but it took me nearly the entire afternoon to sew it and put it together.
It is funny how much pleasure I get from such a little thing as setting out a clothes line.
It is beginning to be tropical.

Tuesday - June 5 -
95 days -
175 mi.
Lat. 12°11
Lon. 100°05

The trades not very vigorous, but nothing to complain of. Warm but not sultry. Tennis flannels out again.
Worked at oiling the scraped wood on the quarter deck - Capt. and I had a little misunderstanding about it which passed off all right. It was the nearest approach to a quarrel that we have had, and I was the one to blame. He joked me about the oiling. I spoke up sharply and he took what I said in a way that was farthest from my thought. He made out that I thought he was trying to get work out of me which was simply absurd. Well it did not lead to angry words, but a period of silence. Then I apologized and I think it is all right.

"Kit and Kitty" Bluemore.

Spent a little time in sawing over my effects clearing out rubbish and putting to rights some of the things in stateroom and in drawers. Found a sunny place on forecastle head where I managed to spend a comfortable time reading.

Wednesday - June 6.

96 Days.
170 mi.
Lat. 10°10
Lon. 102°20

S.E. Trades still with us. weather good. Loafed a good deal. A number of the white birds with long tail feathers that the sailors call Boatswains birds, about the ships.

We ought soon to be in the region of Turtles, carried westward by current. Between 10°S and the line there is supposed to be a current of 2 knots to the westward.

Strike a porpoise and lose line, the whole school go for the wounded porpoise.

Just before retiring, heard someone say porpoises, Went out on to the forecastle head when I could see all about the ship a large number of porpoises. Their going through the water looked like dartings of silver light. The watch were on deck. Several unsuccessful attempts made to spear one.

At sunset to-night the clouds were all of a lilac tinge. very beautiful.

Attempted to start a letter to some one of the several friends to whom I desire to write a line but I could not bring myself down to it. I am getting abominably lazy.

"Youth" Conrad.

Finished "Youth" which I read through twice to try and get clearly the meaning. The first division of the book and the last interested me far more than the rest of the book. There is much in the book that is suggestive and stimulating. I should say that Conrad and Joink Story looked at life and the problems of to-day in somewhat the same way. Only one puts his thoughts differently from the other.

Four weeks from to-day is July 4th, the day I had hoped could find us in San Francisco.

Thursday - June 7.

97 Days
190 mi.
Lat. 7°30
Lon. 104°23

Trades still with us, and treating us nicely. Worked at oiling wood. Started to read Phillips Brooks "Lectures on Preaching". I took a great liking

before me.
The ship is nearly all tarred down. It is nearly ready for painting.
Saw two Turtles; possibly three feet in diameter. They are said to be lots of them about here all the way to 10° N. Their shell is so soft that they can be harpooned. Possibly we may have to a chance to get one. We are at present going too fast.
Beautiful night. Stars very bright. Moon about four days old. The evening glow is wonderfully beautiful. The Western heavens are lit up at sunset and for sometime after, to a degree of light and beauty I do not remember seeing in our home latitudes.

Friday - June 8.

98 Days.
190 mi.
Lat. 5°36
Lon. 107°06

Trades still with us. not so steady as formerly but still doing nicely by us. Fine day. On lookout for Turtles but saw none to-day. Took up with a new occupation, whittling or trying to whittle a row boat, miniature, spoiled one and started another. Quite interesting is it. The carpenter drawtied the boat.
Found a box of assorted nuts from which I cracked a dish full. Think I shall leave them alone. What a nuisance it is to have to be careful of what one eats.
The Captain is very good natured these days, but a good natured bore. His yarns are getting very stale. His view of life and of things in general is painfully narrow. I do not say this in hate, nor from any crossed feeling toward him, but simply as a result of careful study. What a pity that man cannot realize something at least of the high destiny of man. O what a pity that he cannot appreciate what he is put into the world for. But the sad thing is that it is so difficult to get within the shell of egotism that Enclosed them, in order to help them.
Beautiful night, stars and moon. Sat on deck and mused.

The larger end of a log should be foremost in towing. The largest part of a ship is at the fore-rigging. A fish illustrates the same thing. The large end first then the water behind pushes on the log. The other way, and the log drags dead water.

Saturday- June 9-

99 days.
180 mi.
Lat. 4°31
Lon. 109°50

12 days by = = land last voyage.

Fine day. The wind not very strong- Shower late in afternoon.

Amused myself whittling, oiling wood and reading Bowditch.

One or two flying fish seen. Skipjacks and bonitos about the ship.

Carpenter gave me a puzzle consisting of bits of wood, which I puzzled over and succeeded in getting.

At the slop- chest it was discovered that one of the men had run up an account of $1.00 about 5¢ more than will be due him on reaching San Francisco.

Enjoying intensely Philips Brooks "Lectures on Preaching".

I woke up earlier now the days are longer and have about 1/2 an hour of reading in my berth. The light is tip top. I sleep well. This I ought to be very thankful for. My sleep is not continuous, but broken up into two or three periods on account of ship disturbances. What I should like to attain, is seven hours in bed, but three hours a time of steady continuous sleep.

Sunday- June 10.

100 days.
155 mi.
Lat. 2°50
Lon. 112°01

This is wonderful weather that we are having- we are almost on the Equator and yet it is not really hot- simply delightful. Blue sky with fleecy clouds and at night, bright starlight. The trades are still doing nicely by us.

On the tops of the house I met by myself, & felt to give all of myself meet together for an hours worship. "The Witness of History to Christianity" by Dr. Fairbairn, I read. It is good but not quite suited to my purpose.

Wrote some on my little house.

Read two of Philips Brooks lectures on the idea and making of a sermon. Fine.

How tired I felt then. How rested and free I feel now-

A year ago I began my life work. To-day I take to be Children's Day and it was on Children's Day last year that I began work at the West End Church. I have been thinking it all over again. This is to me a sacred season.

Talked with several of the men, but I find it difficult to get beyond commonplaces. The fault I believe to be mine.

Another name that I have been called came to it front at dinner to-day. Mr. Sutton spoke of me

to the Captain as a "sky-pilot". I wish I might be that to every man aboard ship. The man who overdraws his account with the slop-chest, they tell me gambles the things away. There is a good deal of card playing in the fore-castle, especially on Sunday, and I imagine that there is much gambling.

Just at bed-time, the noise of a row forward. Capt. went out to quell it. A Quarrel between Boatswain O'Neil and the good for nothing seaman, John Wootton.

Monday - June 11.

101 days - 142 mi. Lat. 1°02 S. Lon. 113°42

Still everything favors us - wind and weather. It is warm with cooling breezes. In fact it is delightful.

The Carpenters shop seems to be the great attraction to me. I wish I might learn to be an amateur on a small scale. Whittled boats, and mused.

Boobies seen this morning - a school of porpoise this evening.

"Ivanhoe" Scott.

Finished Ivanhoe which I read with as much interest as I did the first time a number of years ago.

The Carpenter has taken the windlass all to pieces to clean away rust and to oil.

East of us several hundred miles lying on both sides of the Equator are the Galapagos Is. a group of about a dozen Islands varying in size the longest distance of the largest being about 75 miles. They are off the Coast of Ecuador, but to whom they belong I do not know. Formerly they used to serve as a whaling station. Turtles are abundance come from them. Some of the islands are inhabited.

Tuesday - June 12.

102 days. 140 mi. Lat. 1°13 N. Lon. 114°10

During the night we crossed the Line and now we are in the Pacific stage of our voyage. Just when we crossed it is difficult to say but probably not far from midnight.

From 50S to the Line has been made in very excellent time considering this time of the year. about 23 days. The best that the Hyde has done before is one day better than this but at a more favorable time of the year.

The trades held on surprisingly well. Good weather still. Worked away at one thing or another. Whittled. Started new job of scraping paint off iron bits.

From 6 to 7 P.M. I get good exercise from pacing the deck. I am getting thoroughly into the swing of it and enjoy it.

The windlass and capstans have been taken apart, cleaned, oiled and painted. Quite a big piece of wood. The chains are being scraped and painted.

Some little birds in Longfellow's "Birds of Passage" flight 3, stuck my fancy in reading the evening. They are recorded.

My thoughts are turned at this time to what happened a year ago, of which I have reached the anniversary. The beginning of my life work is vividly before me. I feel as though I should love to make a new beginning. I hope and pray that it will be a true and a better one.

Wednesday - June 13.

103 days.
150 mi.
Lat. 3°27 N.
Lon. 115°17

It has been pretty warm to-day - But a good breeze has stayed with us. We are getting along nicely.

This morning sawed a 32 in. spar in two. Captain and Carpenter thought I wouldn't stick to it - but I did all the same. The spar is to be cut up into fenders. Scraped paint off of iron bits.

Carpenter says that bonita I caught weighed about 30 lbs.

This afternoon fishing at the bow I had the good fortune to catch a large bonita. My line was cut over some rope so that I could not handle him alone. But alone I pulled him up nearly to the top. One of the seamen caught a dolphin.

To-day I have tried to observe a day sacred to me as the anniversary of my ordination. I have had a longing that the day might have in it more of meaning than that a year ago. And I believe that it will be a day of blessing. There are many mercies which we receive of which we are unconscious every day. Strange to say this has been one of the hardest days for me to control myself and not fly at the Captain. O how he has rubbed me the wrong way to-day. I am ashamed of my small-ness in minding it.

"Lectures on Preaching" Phillips Brooks.

Appropriate to the day was Phillips Brooks last lecture on preaching. "The Value of a Human Soul". This is a lesson I need to learn.

I believe as he does that it is at the base of a successful ministry.

I am beginning to think that I shall be glad to set foot on Terra firma, but I am going to try not to give way to impatience or blueness over it, but make the best of things up to the very last day.

I want to learn to maintain a jolly relation=ship with the Captain by this I mean, laugh at all he says, pleasantly, and not mind the least bit things that rub the wrong way. This is an art which I do not possess. It is a sin to be troubled over little things for which one is not to blame. The friction is unnecessary.

Thursday - June 14.

104 days.
144 mi.
Lat. 5°50 SR.
Lon. 116°20 "

Warm - Trades leaving us, and the doldrums coming on us. Wind baffled this afternoon. Heavy rainfall. The water is welcome to clean the paint before re-painting.

Saved another section of the H ie. spar. Carpenter says to Captain, "When he begins he sticks to it" referring to me. Whittled and planed and fussed about. Saw some dol=phin. Angled but caught nothing.

"Birds of Passage"
5 Flights.
Longfellow.

Carpenter and I are getting thinny. Loaned him some reading. I work in his shop now just about as I love a mink to.

Finished reading Longfellow's "Birds of Passage". There are some real good bits, but mind, I must say I do not care for.

Friday - June 15.

105 days.
150 mi.
Lat. 8°00 SR.
Lon. 117°00 "

W. monsoon.

The trades have left us but we have had to-day a good westerly wind which has kept us going at a good rate.

Rain most all day - several Tmes, quite a downe pour.

I paddled around in old dugo and got soaked to the skin.

Planed some fenders and chiseled some handle for scrapers. Good exercise and a chance to learn how to use tools.

Read Justin McCarthy's "An Englishman Novel"

"Our Seasa=
=ide Novel"
Justin Mc=
Carthy.

The only imitation which I recognized was that of Victor Hugo's Les Miserable. Each Chapter I understand is intended as an imita=
=tion of the style of some writer. Began "Irish Idylls". Began "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Saturday - June 16 -

106 days.
130 mi.
Lat. 10° of
Lon. 116°10

10 days be=
=hind last
voyage.

A warm day. sunny part of the time, Cloudy and showery the remainder. 88° in the shade.

This morning it looked as though we had caught the N.E. Trades, but it lasted only a couple of hours and elapsed into the doldrums. At one time ship would not steer.

A ship along side about 3 or 4 miles off nearly all day. The first ship we have seen for 20 days. She is thought to be Dion, English, bound for same port as we are.

Worked while the Sail seemed almost ins=
=sufferable, planing fenders. It is bringing up muscle.

Darned the first hole that has appeared in my socks since leaving home. This is a pretty good record, 3½ months. Julia will hardly believe it.

Swallow found this morning on crossjack yard. Blown off shore in the bit of N.E. wind we had.

Sunday - June 17.

107 days -
70 mi.
Lat. 11°16
Lon. 116°15

A mixed up sort of day so far as wind and weather are concerned. Wind shifting, blowing, dying away and then blowing again. Rain and shine. Stiffling hot and when clouded and breezy, then quite cool. Seal has been 70 - day.

My long Church service was held partly in after part of Wheelhouse, partly on deck. Dr. Stitch=
=cock's Sermon "Salvation Preached", I read through first for my instruction. Sang and whistled some hymns as usual. I wish that my Sabbath service included all on board. I would willingly have conducted a service each Sunday, but no over=
=ture coming from the Captain, I did not feel it wise to push the matter. I would have had no sympathy or support from the Captain. I turned

thought it better to send some less conspicuous way of keeping the men. I hope that I am right in this judgment.

Wrote another installment of letter home, telling about the general voyage with its course and main points of interest. Telling also of the weather and climate we have had.

"Eternal Atonement". St. Hitchcock

Finished Dr. Hitchcock's volume of Sermons, "Eternal Atonement". Read the first half three times, the second half twice. The first few sermons seem to me particularly strong. The remaining sermons while good seem to me to come nearer to the commonplace. But I am indebted to the book for much that is helpful.

Had a chat with the Mate's Boatswain. He is a rattle brained fellow. Has been a bartender and I guess his own best customer. He has great yarns to tell, how much of which is true and how much false, it is difficult to say.

Monday - June 18.

108 days.
107 mi.
Lat. 12°57
Lon. 116°15

No trades yet - but for part of the day we have had a good southerly and westerly wind. Cooler a little to-day than we have had for several days.

Worked at odds and ends, scraping paint, and whittling. Made a puzzle such as the one the carpenter gave me last week.

Started to read the life of Charles Finney.

Draughted a letter to Uncle Will to be written later when near port or on shore.

Sat out on poop in moonlight singing college songs. Full moon to-night.

A large bird, a booby, lighted on the ship twice this afternoon.

Tuesday - June 19.

109 days.
95 mi.
Lat. 14°33
Lon. 117°17

Almost calm throughout the day. Very hot in the sun. My occupation was scraping on the spanker gaff and boom, and slushing a patch which took time, but was of course well done. This evening a bird kept about the ship making the weirdest of cries. A bird flew by this afternoon, which the Captain called a "Callao Pilot"

The Captain is a bit more mellow than I have seen him since leaving Newyork.
He was a little lord on the second mate the other day. The second mate says to me "The Old man says that I am the dullest mate God ever made."

"Irish Idylls" Jane Barlow

Capt. seemed to be quite medical in last evening. "When I die" says he, "my child-ren can put on my tombstone 'He was a good father' if they can't say anything else."
Finished reading Irish Idylls.

Wednesday - June 30 -

110 days - 65 mi.
Lat. 15°19 on
Lon. 118°20 on

We have caught the N.E. trades and they are strong. We are now permitted a very good course about N.W. by W. while the due line to San Francisco is about N. by W. It is very much cooler. So cool in the evening that it was scarcely comfortable sitting out. Cloudy most all day.
Worked in the carpenters shop both morning & afternoon, a portion of each, scraping battens, and sand papering them. The Carpenter is very pleasant, has treated me in good shape. He started to talk on his belief in spirits, as he called it. By this he meant in part, premonitions or intuition of events happening elsewhere, particularly the death of friend or relative, which intuition he claims is given by the spirit of the departed. Then he runs off into clairvoyance.
A large bird lit on the jib boom. One of the sailors brought him on deck and tied him with a piece of rope yarn, by one leg to a door knob. ~~He~~ It was a fighting creature, a dirty white color, with a long, light blue bill. There seemed to be no unanimity of opinion as to what it was. Finally they set it 90.

"Norah Desmond's Doom" Christine Denning.

The Capt. gave me to read, an English publication a novel which he had been reading. It started pretty ~~fast~~ poor but better than I expected.
A good deal of white painting was done to-day.

Thursday - June 21.

111 Days.
120 mi.
Lat. 16°50
Lon. 120°50 W.

Cloudy, cool, with strong wind permitting NW. course or thereabouts.
Worked in Carpenter shop, at scraping off paint and varnish. I am the carpenters "apprentice".
Thoughts of port will crowd into mind in spite of me, but I do not mean to let them make me unpleasant or depress me.
Steward came to me as said, "You see in Newyork, little horse and wagon - children play - wind with key like clock - it go along." I said "yes," that I had seen them. He said he saw one in Newyork. I said to him "why don't you get one to take to China?" "That's just what I think", he say. Then his face beamed. I have laughed several times picturing the surprise on the faces of the two little China children at home, when they see the wonderful toy. There are some real gentle tender qualities in the rogue Steward, which I have noticed and recognized as very like Christian.
Dan is laid up with sore eyes. Connolly of the port watch is a very sick man. He is consumptive and seems to be failing.
Pierre Jean, whose register is French, whom the Capt. calls a Greek and whom I should call an Italian, is thought to be a bit off. Several of the men have had trouble with him. He carries a knife and I have been told threatens to kill.
Started "The Last of the Barons."

Friday - June 22.

112 Days.
170 mi.
Lat. 18°39
Lon. 123°

Still cloudy cool and strong wind, same as yesterday. Too cool for sitting on deck with comfort. The cloudy weather is bad for the painting which is going on.
Worked morning and afternoon in the carpenters shop.
There floated by us this morning a large tree root, trunk and branches. There were barnacles on it and probably fish about it. It was a real curious sight.
To the eastward, between us and the Mexican coast is a group of four or five islands called the Revillagigedo Is.

"Tales of a Wayside Inn"
Longfellow.

Saturday - June 23 -

113 days -
180 mi.
Lat. 20°30 N.
Lon. 125°28 W.

9 Days be = = hind last voyage.

The condition of wind and weather almost identical with yesterday. Cool and cloudy - wind strong and coming same direction.

Did little work because to-day is only a sort of half work day and that used for finish = ing up odds and ends.

The quarter-deck holystoned - Each watch did one half. a nasty mess but leaving deck in nice shape.

The reading of "Tommy's Life", makes one thought = ful. Ought a minister of Christ to be content with small power, when if he but climb the mount he may have large power. There is lots to think about along this line, and to do more than merely think about it.

Capt. flew into a passion and swore at the mate. Then I imagine he discovered him = self in the wrong or partly so, for when I went on deck they were talking pleasantly enough. When Capt. came below, he looked stupid and made general apologies, not to me exactly but out into the air. He is a queer man. I do not know when I have seen a queerer one.

Steward and I kept stock'd as usual but sold only a little tobacco and soap.

I should like a letter from home. I find it difficult to make any plans for stay in California or journey across country. The most I can do is to get what general information I can and then wait until I get my mail and have considered rail road again. I want to strike the golden mean between getting home as soon as possible, and travelling about to see as much of the western country as I can. The pocket book is an important factor in the problem.

Sunday - June 24.

114 days -
180 mi.
Lat. 22°30 N.
Long. 128° W.

To-day is wind and weather about a re = petition of yesterday. Our course heads up a little more.

Had a bit of earnest conversation with Boat = swain O'Neil. He seem to be a seeker, I wish I could help him. He was telling me that he would like to read Josephus and Thomas a Kempis and seem them quoted. The poor fellow has had almost no advantages. He says that he wants to work in some place where there is a night = school.

Had a talk with Joe (W. H. Patterson). He loves money, too to work his way, seems to be an earnest fellow. He eagerly reads his Bible and everything he can get to help him in Bible study. after talking with him for some time I discovered that his desire was to enter the ministry. I believe he would be useful there. He seems to me just bent for the work. He too an attractive manner, is educated in part and appears to be earnest.

In some way I must help these two men before I leave the ship.

Held my solitary service as usual but omitted the sermon. Then was interruption to-day.

Wrote more on my little home, telling of the things seen at sea.

"Flower-de-Luce"
"Judas Maccabaeus"
Longfellow

That part of Mr. Finney's autobiography which tells of his work in Newyork - The Broadway Tabernacle and the Newyork Evangelist is very interesting.

Had a second talk with O'Neil, he seems to be in earnest.

Dipped into Longfellow.

Capt. thinks that two weeks from to-day we shall just reach port. at least that is what he says.

Monday - June 25.

115 days.
200 mi.
Lat. 26° 04
Lon. 130° 51

The wind keeps about the same only puffy and squally. It begins to look like the breaking up of the trades. We have had a little rain in showers. But little sun, in fact for a week we have had only a few hours of sunshine.

Worked in the carpenter shop, scraping wood-work.

Crew are busy storing the main deck. Carpenter is caulking the forecastle head.

There are several birds following us. Capt. says that they will keep with us nearly to port. I cannot learn this name with any certainty. I have heard them called gonies, goonies and gonnies.

A ship was reported, but I failed to see it.

It is getting time to attend to a few odds and ends preparatory to leaving ship. There is some correspondence, I must be at:

There ~~is~~ are a variety of predictions as to the time of our getting in, ranging from five days to fourteen. Last voyage with the Hyde we were from where we were at noon to-day, viz. San Francisco in six days. But we shall probably not repeat that.

Tuesday - June 26.

116 Days.
180 mi
Lat. 28°50
Long. 132° 0' W.

A little more sun than usual to-day, but with occasional rains. Still cool. Those who have come up here many times say they never saw it cool like this before. I had been expecting scorching weather. Wind keeps about the same.

Worked in carpenter shop.

Crew have finished tarring the main deck. Painting going on in patches when rain cannot strike it.

Had a talk with Joe. Recommended that he go to Park College. He seemed pleased at the idea. I can think of no better plan for him to study. Gave him a list of books for reading in connection with Bible study. Gave him my address and asked him to write me what he had decided to do.

While talking Capt. came stooping around. He is insufferably inquisitive. Perhaps I ought to rejoice in his company as wholesome discipline, but I shall be glad to part company.

Capt. and I manage nevertheless to play dominos. We have played the last few evenings.

Have been trying to do a little something in the way of correspondence, but it is very difficult to settle down to uninterrupted work of any sort.

The sea is very blue.

Wednesday - June 27.

117 Days.
164 mi.
Lat. 31°18
Long. 133° 0' W.

Just about the same as we have been having all along. Not quite so much wind at times. We are making a great deal of Western which must be retraced before we make port.

Painted and worked about. The men are gradually getting the paint daubed on here and there. I for one it will look like

patch work. But it is as the Capt. says, "The Captain is the only one on this boat to please".

Finished my letter home - 58 large pages, I am sorry for them, wrote a letter to Mrs. Scott of Stanley.

Enjoying "The Last of the Barons".

Capt. beat me at dominoes this evening and was quite elated.

Thursday - June 28.

118 Days.
160 mi.
Lat. 33°25
Lon. 136°21

At last we can say that we are off the California coast. We never have thought that I should ever say this but it begins to sound homelike.

Wind lighter but same quarter as during the past week or two. More sun than we have had in days. San Francisco does not look so near as it did. We are really going away from it.

Worked in carpenters shop scraping the brackets and rest for the capstan bars.

Friday - June 29.

119 Days.
116 mi.
Lat. 34°38
Lon. 138°30 W.

Only about 3 knots an hour and the wind changing constantly, veering from N by W to NNW. A change of wind is very desirable either so that we may head up or to head us off that we may go on the other tack.

Worked as usual scraping wood work and oiling.

Wrote two letters - one to Uncle Will & one to Mrs. Paddock.

"Autobiography" Finney.

Finished "Autobiography" of Chas. G. Finney. It is a stirring book. It should also a craving for spiritual power.

The men are busy getting cleaning and painting done.

Learned this Friday. Deck plugs and all plugs simply to cover up nails or screws are with the grain the same as the wood into which they are inserted.

Saturday- June 30.

120 days.
60 mi. OR
Lat. 36°20
Lon. 139° OR

A queer day- No wind to amount to anything. What little there is shifts continually. From the starboard tack we change to the port and then back again. Sunny and bright most of the day with a mist at night.

Worked at scraping and varnishing.

Wrote two letters, one to Mrs. Condit, the other to Mrs. Masterton repeating my thanks for the copying of Philips Brooks' "Lectures on Preaching" which I have as a gift from the Masterton family.

"The Last of the Barons" Bulwer

Finished reading the "Last of the Barons", which I enjoyed very much.

There are ten or a dozen goonies or gonies following the ship. When first flying they resemble a large duck with a large bill. They paddle along very easily and quite swiftly. Sometimes they almost run on the water, with wings extended but fast flapping the water at every step.

The men have been at work to-day on the hatch covers.

Slop-chest - sold 10lbs. of tobacco. One man bought six which simply means that he has been losing at cards. There is a good deal of card play in the forecastle. I am afraid that the men are a pretty bad lot.

This the last day of the week and the last of the month. I hope that another month will not be used up at sea, but now we are becalmed, so there is not telling how long we shall be.

The month of June is ended and four months of sea voyage have been spent. This past month has had much in common with the other months. It is to have been spent nearer to our destination, so to roused up hopes in=tensit in making port. While I have been get=ting decisions of sunny land still I have not found me been blue. The time has passed rapidly.

On the first day of the month we were in latitude 20°41 S. on the last day, in latitude 36°20 N. We have had good winds. The S.E. trades were fine - the N.E. trade good, and the doldrums brief. The month ends with light weather and calms.

The weather has been cloudy the greater part of the time and there has been considerable rain.

It has not been warm, with the exception of a couple of days near the equator. In fact it has been surprisingly cool. The topics were hardly tropical.

The Captain has been unusually mellow, and yet hard to stand (I know I am at least partly to blame.) We have resumed dominoes.

Only two ships have been seen during the month. Of these I saw only one.

Fortunate in catching a bonito, weighing about thirty pounds.

Worked at various things, out-of-doors and in the carpenter shop, chiefly scraping and oiling wood-work. Did a little reading.

Completed my letter home and did some other correspondence.

This has been a thoughtful season with me, anniversary of my ordination and of my commencing work. The experiences of a year ago I have gone over in my thoughts. The anniversary of my ordination-day I endeavored to set apart as a time for re-ordination. The ministry, I think, I now begin with more of earnestness.

Mornings I have read in Isaiah and Jeremiah. There is much here with which I am unfamiliar. Evenings I have read in Acts, Romans and 1st Corinthians.

Of my other reading, I shall here only mention two books. Philips Brooks' "Lectures on Preaching" and "Autobiography" of Charles G. Finney. Both of these books are wonderfully helpful. Bishop Brooks gives a high and true idea of the ministry. Mr. Finney points one to fervent holiness and the desire for, the secret of spiritual power. Of course the former book recognizes these also.

I do not seem to have been able to reach any of the men. An occasional word has been dropped. Some earnest conversations I have had with O'Neil and with Joe.

Sunday - July 1-
121 days.
23 mi.
Lat. 35°43
Lon. 138°27

A beautiful day so far as sunlight and temperature are concerned. Warm enough to sit on deck in flannels. But no wind. Dead calm.

I must confess that I have been restless to-day. It grieves me that it has been so, because I have gotten so much out of the Sabbaths on ship board. Still this day I do not consider as wasted.

Held my little Church service as usual. No sermon, but instead I commenced to read Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" Vol III. I have long been desirous to become familiar with period of Jewish history extending from captivity to beginning of Christian era.

Goonies have been close to the ship all day. Boatswain O'Neil caught one. I prepared a tin tag, with inscription (Henry B. Hyde, July 1st '94 - Lat 36° N Long 139° W.) This was tied about the neck of the bird with a bit of red ribbon. I imagine the other birds pecked the ribbon in two. Counted 19 goonies.

At sunset the compasses were tested. There is some local attraction in the binnacle.

Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus", the poem written for the 50th anniversary of his college graduation, interested me very much.

Monday - July 2.
122 days.
7 mi.
Lat. 36°00
Lon. 138°35

Calm all day, hot sunny and bright. We are having a very hard chance. Just to think of being so near to San Francisco and yet be unable to get there.

But I have kept busy all day - Wrote a letter to Mr. Mae Arthur, also one to Spaulding.

A three masted schooner lying to the windward if there is such a thing in windward in this nearly calm weather.

Tuesday - July 3.
123 days.
26 mi.
Lat. 36°26
Lon. 138°30

Another day of calm - otherwise a nice day. Schooner still in sight.

Worked at varnishing window wood - work of Calvin and Calvin.

Evening wonderfully beautiful. The days are

Never saw a new moon so small. It is a mere thread.

long. Sun does not set until seven. The sunset to-night was unusually fine. In the opposite quarter the clouds were of a lilac tinge. All about the sun was the brilliance of fiery golden mist all the shades of red.

The sea is very beautiful with the setting sun beaming on. The surface is glassy smooth, but there is the ocean roll.

Wednesday - July 4. - Independence Day.

124 Days.
20 mi.
Lat. 36° 40
Lon. 138° 17

A simply glorious day. Such weather is almost a compensation for lack of wind. We have had all day at 3 or 4 knot breeze. This is keenly appreciated after a calm.

Painted base board around cabin. Enjoyed the work.

Wrote to Mr. Warnock. This finishes the correspondence which I have planned, at least such as may be done before reaching land.

A ship and a bark passed us. Thought to be in ballast and making for Puget Sound. Glorious sunset.

Thursday - July 5.

125 Days
100 mi.
Lat. 37° 32
Lon. 136° 30

Another fine day but with only the faintest breath of wind. We are having a hard chance. Painted and varnished. Read a little. We are now too near port not to be a little impatient to reach it. This is the limit I have all along set to the journey, 125 days, all beyond this is extra for my money.

Asked Steward what I ought to see in Chinatown, San Francisco. His face beamed as he replied "Chinese stores, Chinese theatre, Chinese hotel. You go to Chinese hotel, and you ask for cup of tea, you get it. Yes sir." His voice for sometimes a weird, pathetic sound to it and his sentences often die out gently, the closing sounds seeming to come from the distance.

Friday - July 6.

126 Days.
88 mi.
Lat. 38°03
Lon. 135°10

The wind has carried aft & blowing about four knots. Beautiful day.

The men are at work outside the ship, cleaning and painting.

Worked at scraping and varnishing.

We are headed for San Francisco, about due East. A bark in company but falling astern just a little at night fall.

Beginning now to think of packing up for shore. Doing little odds and ends in preparation. Captain thinks that the middle of the week will bring us into port.

Saturday - July 7.

127 Days.
100 mi.
Lat. 38°00
Lon. 133°00

Another fine day. The wind still aft and blowing a fifth knots. A little clouded at times, but this is really beautiful weather that we have been having.

The bark still in sight keeping nearly the same distance from us although not always seen because it is not so clear.

Understood and completed a job all by myself. Took mouldings off of windows of pilot house. Scraped and sand-papered all of the woodwork. Cleaned the glass with kerosene. Painted the putty with umber. Varnished it all, making a good job of it" - Also did some other varnishing.

Gave Boatswain O'Neil my copy of Stalker's "Life of Christ".

Work on the quarter deck is nearly completed. Men are painting outside.

Slop-chest closed for the voyage - Made up accounts. About $280.00 worth of goods sold.

An interesting bit of information. If a pilot signals a ship coming towards port (Coastwise excepted) the ship has to take the pilot or pay half pilotage. Pilotage rates are according to the number of feet a vessel draws. The rates are high. It will cost about 250.00 to be piloted into San Francisco. If a steamer can be had instead the Capt. will dispense with pilot.

Sunday - July 8.

128 Days.
150 mi.
Lat. 37°38
Lon. 129°50

In the night the wind changed to northerly and freshened up. This morning finds us going at 8 knots - good breeze, all sails forward. Pleasant weather but cool.

Bark in company (a few miles) we have been gaining on her.

Next Sunday if all goes well I shall be on land and shall attend church service somewhere, probably in San Francisco. It is a long time since I was last inside of a church. I think that it was Dr. Parkhurst's.

Held the last, probably, of the solitary Sabbath services. Sang a few hymns, hummed the hymns a round. Read some old Testament and some New. Said prayer, thought of friends and of home especially, with the desire that to them I might be of more service in the coming days. Instead of a Sermon I read part of the first Chapter of Fairbairn's "Studies in the Life of Christ", the chapter entitled, "Historical conditions". There is a force to Dr. Fairbairn which I feel in reading him.

The Captain is finishing up his mail. He keeps pretty good watch these days - getting near to land seems to please him. And it does me. I am now expecting to get my mail on Wednesday if all goes well.

"Dream Life"
26 Marked.

Finished "Dream Life". I think I like it better than the "Reveries". I have not done much reading of late.

also back no 2.

Passed schooner outward bound.

The remainder of Longfellow's Poems.

Perhaps this is the best place to say a word in general about the entrance to San Francisco adding fuller statements later. West of the Golden Gate are the Farallones consisting of three islands, on the southernmost one of which is a light. Vessels sometimes come in from the south and make land here, others go North of them and make Cape St. Point Reyes. We expect to do the former. Inside the Farallones we ought to get a pilot.

Since noon a strong wind has sprung up with quite a sea. We have been making ten knots. It reminds one of the days about the Horn. I did not expect to see again sea on the quarter deck. Spanker and light sails furled. The skyline is going like a horse on the home stretch that is thinking of oats ahead.

Finished all of the poems in the Longfellow edition of Longfellow. "Michael Angelo" unfinished as we

Monday - July 9.

129 days
160 mi.
Lat. 38°02'
Lon. 124°17'

A rolling, pitching night. I had little sleep because I had become so used to light weather that anything else seemed strange. A splendid days run up till noon. Not quite so much wind from noon on. Gradually the wind moderated until finally there was none. We have gone to the Northward again and at 8 P.M. are about 20 miles to the W. of Point Reyes. We had hoped to go in to-night but it will not now be until to-morrow.

This morning wrote up the ship-accounts in the official log and this evening I had the men sign them.

Had a good talk with Joe, answering some questions of his. I think that he will study for the ministry. — Packed my books. Got a few things ready for packing.

"Dodo"
E. F. Benson

A sail or two in sight.

It has been rainy and chilly.

Finished reading "Dodo", a novel given me by Mrs. John Balcom Shaw, before leaving New York.

Gave the Carpenter seven or eight novels - He seemed much pleased.

Watched the men get the anchors ready. They are now in position to drop.

The gonies have about left us. Some new birds have appeared - "divers"

Tuesday - July 10.

130 days.

Little or no wind, but about 6 A.M. we were close to Point Reyes. Morning spent in packing and in seeing all to be seen in approaching port.

The voyage is ended and I am in the Grand Hotel - San Francisco, writing this.

There were many little things to notice - Boats to meet us - First the tug with which the Captain struck a bargain - $35.00. Then the pilot boat - Then small boats with runners of one sort or another - Custom house boat.

The Golden Gate I have really seen, and it is worth seeing.

The first news we heard was of great R.R. Strike all over the country.

Rowed ashore with the Captain - A strange feeling to put foot on land and to see people -

Went to Sutton & Beebe's Office - Received

three mail from home, but not all yet. They are well.

Called on Mr. Cooper to whom Mr. Pringle of N.Y. gave me letter of introduction. Found him a charming man. He introduced me to Mr. Cuthbert, whom I liked immensely. These two men run Sloane's branch in San Francisco.

I am too sleepy, tired and dazed to write all I should like.

Wednesday - July 11 -

The constant ringing of bells on the cable cars made the night an uncomfortable one. Resolved to change my quarters from the Grand Hotel.

Starting out in the morning after getting breakfast and despatching my mail that I had written aboard ship I began a search for address.

Walking down Market St. I met a man whom I thought I recognized. I followed him to his place of business and found myself correct. It was Mr. Sadler who once visited us in Newyork, a friend of the Thornburgh's. He was very cordial.

Then I looked up Tom Horsen Williams '87. He is doing nicely as a lawyer. In college he rowed on Table for the Alpha Delts, now he looks prosperous. He is married and lives out of town. Met his father. The firm is Horsen & Horsen. He took me on Top of the Mills Building where I had a splendid view of the city. Then he took me to lunch. Then we walked through a part of Chinatown. This interested me very much. The Chinamen of all descriptions about the street, the stores, the restaurant & the Joss house were very curious objects to me. I must go there again when I have more leisure.

Called at Sloane's for a moment on Mr. Cuthbert and Mr. Cooper. They recommended me to a small family house where I could find it much quieter. So on their suggestion, I changed my quarters to the Alexandria on Sutter St.

Walked about on Nob Hill among the handsome residences.

Attended Prayer Meeting at St. Mary's Church. But did not see the Dr. - Left with

Iris. associate the letter of introduction from Dr. Thompson to Dr. M.
It is difficult to arrange plans for journey East. I have been figuring on it but with no successful result so yet.

Thursday - July 12.

A good night's rest has put me into good shape - still the noise and rush of the city I find fatiguing.
Started out this morning and went first to the Hyde which is now docked at Harrison St. and the stevedores are discharging the cargo Saxo Paul. She is to stay aboard and return to Newyork. Then she is to get married and Mr. + Mrs. Paul will run a restaurant. The carpenter is aboard ship still doing some work for Captain.
Got into a light wagon with Captain, but he seemed a little "happy" and drove about recklessly so I alighted and bade him good by.
Dropped in and talked with Mr. Sadler for a few minutes.
Wandered about Chinatown and bought a few trinkets for Julia.
In the afternoon visited the Fair Grounds. The Fair is over but many of exhibits are still to be seen. Some of buildings ornate - An attempt to reproduce on small scale the Chicago Fair.
Planned to visit Cliff House, but so tired that I came home and read report of General Assembly.
Walking any great distance makes my legs ache. I have been cooped up so long.
Thinking very seriously of going home by way of Canadian Pacific.

Friday - July 13 -

Spent a good deal of to-day investigating R.R. matters and making calculations &c.
I find that I can get good rates on the Canadian Pacific. It takes a little longer - but then it avoids all chance of trouble from the strike

and it is the pleasantest summer route. The scenery is also said to be very fine.
Walked about Chicago again and also about town. I am so fast asleep that I have kept in doors a good deal.
Was much surprised to be greeted by a young man who addressed me by name. His name is Jeffrey. His family live in 105 St. N.Y. and attend the West End Church. He was on Exc while I was at the W.E. Ch. and met me there.

Saturday - July 14 -

Called at the 1st Pres. Church on Dr. Robt. Mackenzie. He was very cordial. He invited me to come out to San Anselmo on Mon. to visit Seminary then. I noticed that he did not mention a word about Dr. Thompson.
In the afternoon went out to Alameda to spend Sunday with Mr. Cuthbert. He has been very cordial to me. His home is very home-like and his family very pleasant - Mrs. C. four boys and a little girl.
After supper Mr. Cuthbert took me to drive about Alameda. It is a delightful residence place.

Sunday - July 15 -

Attended service at the 1st Pres. Church in Oakland. Dr. Coyle the pastor preached a forcible sermon on the "Signs of the Times" Attended meeting of Christian Endeavor and Evening Service. I like Dr. Coyle immensely. Walked about Oakland.
I have had a feeling to-day that were it possible I should like to settle out here.

Monday - July 16.

Bade good-bye to the Cuthberts. Mr. Cuthbert and I came into San Francisco together. In Oakland we passed between gatling guns and militia. The train was guarded by militia-men on each platform. At the Oakland terminus U.S. marines are stationed as a reserve force.

Went out to San Anselmo where Dr. MacKenzie met me. He showed me all about the Seminary. Lunched at his home. Returned with him to the city. After a few hours in San Francisco took train to Los Gatos. Put up at El Monte Hotel a pleasant and well kept place.

Mail from home has not come as yet. It must be in the mass of unassorted mail matter. I hope that it has not been lost. The question of a route home puzzles me. I find it very difficult to decide. I prefer the Canadian Pacific is the truest choice, but I want to see my own country. The danger from strikers is by no means over, and the possibility of delay if reaching there is almost a probability.

Weight 155 lbs. - 11 lbs more than when I started.

Tuesday - July 17.

A quiet warm day. This morning I took a horse and buggy and drove five miles out into the country through orchards and vineyards. Called on a Mr. Conklin, to whom Dr. MacKenzie directed me. He was not at home, but I saw Mrs. Conklin - Walked through the fruit lands.

Los Gatos is a very pretty place. But I think my desire for living in California is entirely quenched. The people are so different from those I have been used to.

There is a Valley Institute in town also another "Cure" establishment. Every newcomer into town is regarded as a recruit, I imagine.

There is a Catholic Seminary here.

Saw for the first time apricot & prune trees. Ate for the first time a fresh fig.

Wednesday - July 18.

The old saying that the loudest place is a= =mong people you do not know. I've been spring time in my case. So that I am restless and anxious to get home.

Food as usual. Up the hill to the Catholic Novitiate. I was told of praying bees to be seen along the roadside but I did not see any.

Left for Gilroy this afternoon. It is a lovely place, but sleepy.

Came to San Jose and put up at the Vendome which is surely a nice hotel. There is a dance to-night. The girls are in evening dress and look very fine. Sat around looking at the people and listening to the music.

Suffering dreadfully with my miserable Foot.

Thursday - July 19.

This morning at 7½ started for Mt. Hamilton. It is 28 mi. from here. It is #209 Ft. high. I was the only passenger from the hotel, but we had the good fortune to fall in one of the professors, Prof Bar= =nard. He was very kind to us, very intes= =esting. He showed us about the observatory. The view, the grass, the observatory all fine. The stage drive interested me very much. He came across country in the early days and became a stage driver on the overland route before railroads had reached across country. He had great yarns to spin.

Attended prayer meeting at the 1st Pres Ch. Dr. Dimmock -

San Jose is a beautiful city.

I learn that Prof. Barnard is a man of considerable repute as a discoverer of comets. He certainly is a charming man.

Friday - July 20.

Returned to San Francisco from San Jose and from to the Alexandria - Received my letter from home, a journal letter which had been delayed by the strike - more bad news.

Lunched with Storer.

Saw Edison's Kinetoscope, a wonderful invention in the way of electricity & photography.

Visited ship.

A letter received from Fitschen offering me through a friend an opportunity to supply chapel in Nassau for the winter.

Saturday - July 21 -

Shipped books home by Ship - Arabia. Visited the Hyde - Lunched with the Capt. and three lady friends from Maine - a very funny time. The Capt. was not inimitable -

Met a Dalmond Alpha Delt in car - a Dr. Davis.

Went with Storer to Cliff House.

Sunday - July 23.

At Mr. Cooper's invitation, sat in his pew at Dr. MacKenzie's Church. Dr. M. Fowler. John 21: 9 as his Text and preached a simple but strong sermon.

Lunched and dined at the Coopers' meeting Mrs. Cooper. In the afternoon walked with Mr. Cooper to the Presidio.

The Coopers live a lovely little home and their entertainment was delightful.

In the evening attended service at the Cong. Church hearing Dr. C. O. Brown the Pastor, preach upon the Strike. It was a pitiful maudlin address. I was utterly disgusted.

Monday – July 23.

Spent the day in odds and ends before leaving town. Called and bade the Coopes and Mrs. Cathbert goodbye. Packed trunk & chucked it.
Stayed at the residential over night.

Tuesday – July 24.

Took Steamer Umatilla for Victoria B.C. Capt. Pendleton came down to see me off. He introduced me to a Capt. Barstow. Met Mrs. Barstow, enjoyed their company very much.
Roommates. A Mr. Dorn of Washington & Mr. Jaeger of Honolulu.

Friday – July 27.

Fine days spent on the water. Perfect weather. Beautiful shore scenery – pleasant company. The Capt. of steamer cordial. Time passed quickly – enjoyed it immensely. Reached Victoria this morning at 2 o'clock. Mr. Jaeger is in company with me. Mr. Dorn of Washington was another roommate. Met several people. Put up at the Dallas Hotel.
Spent the day (Friday) in Victoria – a picturesque little town – Enjoyed the water view.
Met Miss Coleman and Miss Rose.

Saturday – July 28.

At 3 A.M. our Steamer left Victoria. at 4.25 A.M. got up and went on deck. The scenery was wonderfully beautiful. Islands, Isles, Landlocked

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